

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series {
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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXL. }

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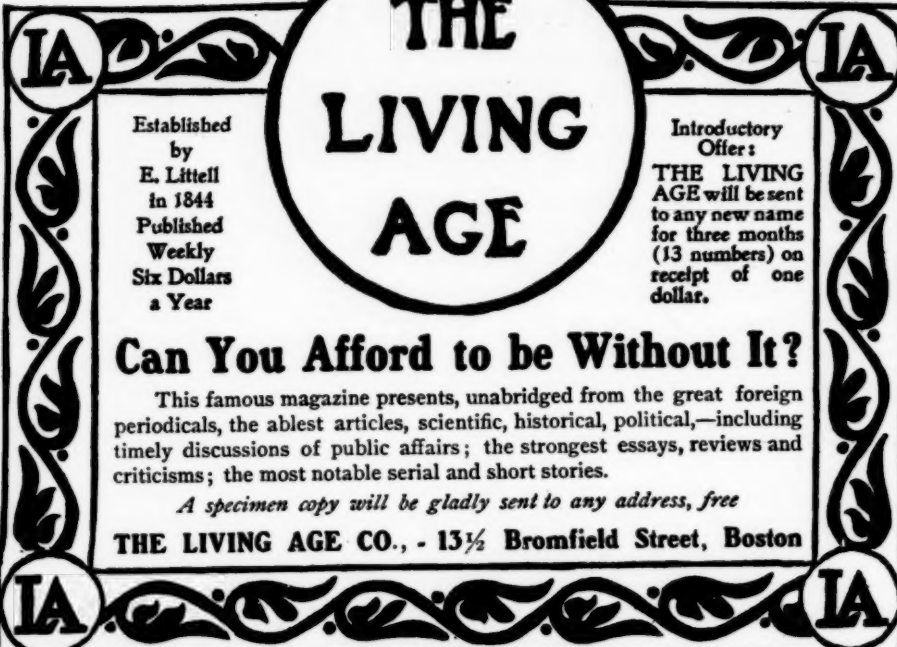
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXL.

AMONG JAPANESE HILLS.

Japan lay quivering parched beneath a blaze of July sun, when one day, tired of Tokyo heat, I joined the crowd of docile passengers clattering into the train at Uyeno. Soon I sat revelling in the summer breeze that swept through the carriage as we slipped along mile upon mile past emerald fields of rice and nestling copse, or over open wastes which a few months back were a burst of azalea splendor filling the air with its flush of rose and white. It was half a dream, this gliding for sunny hours, the only white man in the train, looking out on the strange fascination of a landscape other than our own. Some "exiles" are blind and deaf in the years they spend away from home; their country—like a child long dead—stays ever vivid in their eye and pleading in their ear; while others, who wince no less, feel then for the first time taken by the hand and led behind the scenes to something greater than they guessed before.

. . . With cap in hand and apologetic bow a porter roused me from my nap, and pointing to the name-board of the little station begged me to make honorable issue here. We had soared 3,000 feet, into another zone of air, and the quiet wayside platform, remote in its

rural calm, dozed in a vast expanse of tonic mountain-worlds. The road to the village, familiar as many a path across English fields, was walked in twilight peace, and I passed unheralded through the porch of the little inn whose proprietor has achieved the considerable feat of making an Englishman feel at home even in a heathen land. Wife and children and maids come quick to join the host in one family greeting of the *ijin san*, their voices low with undemonstrative restraint, but soft and pleasant to the travelled ear:—"Irrasshai; *hisashiku o me ni kakarimasen; o kawari wa gozaimasen ka?*"—"deign to come! how long since we hung on Your eyes! there is no change in your honorable self?" Dinner follows, with a hungry party, mostly Anglo-Saxon, whose high-strung voices sound in keen contrast with the liquid accents of the waitresses behind. One cannot help remarking the sympathetic way in which a Japanese host serves up a "foreign" meal, though the dishes are nearly all at variance with his creed; the Chinese tailor shows a similar trait when he fits a western woman with exactness and decision, notwithstanding that her female form divine

¹ i. e. "You are still in good health"

seems to him an outrage on propriety with its charms so subtly emphasized; both men display the racial openness of mind, and matter-of-fact devotion to the work in hand.

After dinner the Head informed me that he expected by the evening train a pair of inseparable friends whom I happened to know; so taking a lantern I walked off to meet the train, accompanied by a youth who had much impressed the visitors at the inn. Teacher of a primary school some fifty miles away, and anxious to acquire colloquial English through contact with the tourists at the inn, he spent his holidays in unpaid performance of the duties of hotel-clerk, head-waiter, and Boots. Like many Japanese students, his face was so surcharged with programme that it seemed incapable of mirth; whenever he had a spare minute out came the phrase-book from his pocket, and his solemn forehead puckered deep while he puzzled how to reconcile the chatter of the guests with the unaccountably different "conversations" which its pages proffered him. To-night he was much depressed because a choice linguistic venture of his had miscarried, amid peals of laughter that had damped him sorely. Asking a lady at what hour would she like her bath, she had replied that she would do without that day, as she had a headache. Now his book was remarkably well equipped with elegant turns of response, so, selecting the one he favored most, he startled the room by the dramatic rejoinder, "And you, Madam, of all people in the world! with your superb constitution, I should not have thought it possible!"

The train drew in from the dark, and out stepped our pair. They were known as the Skipper and his Mate. Both would have been called elderly in the West, but here men often exhibit perennial youth. The Skipper was dear to his acquaintances not less

for his natural kindliness than for the fastidious excellence of his hospitable board; and the Japanese held him in high esteem, because not only could he speak their language like a man of the world but could write it, and with a rare calligraphy. Yet he was forty when he set foot in the land of the Dragon-fly. He was ever ready to oblige his friends, from the loan of his clinical thermometer to the subsequent offer of quinine or choicest whisky which he declared to be clearly "indicated," or from flea-powder to battle-ships of 15,000 tons—two of which latter he had procured for the Imperial Government. The Mate was indispensable in the Treaty Ports, on account of the masterful manner in which he held the reins as Stage-Manager at amateur theatricals. He was also adored by the smaller Japanese children everywhere, because of the incomparable way in which he probed their cheeks and shaved their chubby chins, and because, so marvellous in an *ijin san*, he chatted to them properly, with nursery nouns and most diminutive verbs, instead of in a pompous grammar's way. Arrived at our inn, they made twin-greeting to the Host and his wife, who escorted them up the steep staircase to the rooms reserved for them, the best ones in the house, where they set to work to share everything in common, including pungent repartee.

Having seen them settled for the night, I bid *o yasumi nasai* (honorable rest, please) to the Host, and made for my bed. But in an orthodox Japanese inn there is not much rest for the weary at night, since the partitions of each room are merely screens of paper framed in wood, fixed in grooves which cross the floor from wall to wall; and these thin barriers stop short of the ceiling by a yard, leaving free access for the noises of one's neighbors. There was to be an object-lesson to-night; for now that the lights were out, an unseen

Nuisance began to fill the passage. He seemed to be roaming through the Bible with incisive voice, selecting interrogative sentences, and hurling these upon the ear of any adjacent sinner. In vain I covered my head with the sheet; like an organ pipe that Voice pealed forth:

Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,
Or loose the bands of Orion?
Canst thou lead forth the signs of the Zodiac in their season,
Or canst thou guide the Bear with her train?

They were all outside my window, where a starry world looked down through the noiseless night of mountain air: the jewelled pattern of the Bear stretched bright, winding low to an English eye. I forgot the mosquitoes round my bed—the infinitely little in the vast midnight spectacle—while he exclaimed,

Canst thou send forth lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, Here we are?

Never before had I heard the book of Job stand out as now, recited thus in the Asiatic air of its own continent. But all things have their limit, and as the eloquent chapter closed the Voice drew in its horns, peace fell upon the passage, and soon the Inquisitor snored the snore of a man who has done his duty; at a long interval the shattered victim followed suit.

Next morning a perfect day set in, and after breakfast we made up a party to visit Komoro, an old castle-town a dozen miles away. Taking lunch with us (the Japanese are past-masters in the packing of portable meals), our train sped away over the sunny moors. For a mile or two we rose, till we rounded the southern shoulder of Asama, and then we rattled down across a chaotic succession of deep and rag-

ged gullies over which we soared on huge embankments (one farther on is 120 feet in depth): the surface soil, a soft volcanic ash, has been so ploughed up and undermined that each of the loose tumultuous ravines looks more like the work of dynamite than of a sober watercourse. We stop with a jerk at Komoro, having dropped 1,000 feet in the last eight miles. There, under the shade of stately plines in the ancient castle grounds—now pleasure-gardens for the poorest child—we ate our food in face of a beautiful expanse of sunlit range and field and stream; the inevitable soft-voiced *chaya* (tea-house) maids, all-observant with those drooping lids, brought *saké* and tea and sweets to garnish our brutal chicken and ham.

After lunch some of us went on—the ladies dissenting from our plea that it was not really hot if you only kept in motion—to see if we could explore the romantic Buddhist monastery of Nunobiki, three miles west. Tracking in Indian file through paddy-fields, we struck the pellucid channel of the Chikuma, which we crossed by a pendulous suspension-bridge. Now the river-side cliffs that rose on our left grew more precipitous, till a vertical crag overhung the stream, and the crag was split by a gloomy fissure slotting like a chimney to the sky above; up this a steep path wound, in such black shade that as we climbed we shivered in the refrigerating draught that fell upon our heated skin. Not far from the top the monastery began to disclose its hidden whereabouts, as the eyes of tunnelled passages—a kind of sacred “Gib,” but honeycombed with shrines in place of shot and shell—peeped out from the sheer face of rock. On a narrow ledge they had built an entrance-porch, and here we paused, almost afraid to raise our voices for admittance (in Japan a visitor literally “calls” instead of ringing at the door),

so spellbound was the stillness of the chasm. Not until after several attempts did a sound of footsteps greet our ear; then a priest slid back the echoing door, and bowed in reproachful silence. We were obviously committing sacrilege, yet as two of the party were missionaries, old hands, we left negotiations to their wit; for the Cloth is the Cloth, all the world over. Ultimately, with an air of acute misgiving, the elderly gentleman admitted us to squat on the vestibule floor, and even served us with tea and cakes.

The fact was, we had heard a rumor that a certain friend of ours, an English clergyman stationed in Tokyo, and a diamond of the first water, was in "retreat" for a week or two in this Buddhist solitude; and we had formed an unholy design to dig him out, by the innocent process of going to pay an afternoon call. But here we were balked, for on hazarding the name of our friend the white-haired guardian promptly answered that the English priest had particularly begged that his seclusion might be undisturbed. But he would show us a few of the galleries—with which we must be content. We finally emerged on the open green-sward of the crag, and here was a wooden bell-tower, which he asked us to ascend. From this airy outlook our eyes reached across one of the most impressive views that a traveller can imagine. On every side of us, from our feet to the golden distance far away, the world stretched mountains, peak upon peak as thick as junks in a Chinese harbor, and range beyond range inexhaustible; no sounds of mortal life came up inside the rock, while the river, gentian-blue, wound silent in transparent pools below. The panorama in Japan on a splendid summer day is impossible to describe to an English reader who has not been in the East, for such a one will read between the lines the local color in which he

was bred, instead of the wholly different atmosphere that heightens the charm of the picture there—the brilliant luminous air which invests our eye with telescopic power, and brings the whole landscape to our feet; while a soft suspicion of silky haze seems to float a halo round each foliage-hidden hill. Switzerland too is a mountain world, but small compared with this; the entire content from Innsbruck to Geneva only one-fourth the length of this single island of Japan—a thousand miles of continuous romance. And the quality of the sunshine is what separates, by a very wide gulf, a summer's day in these latitudes from one in more northerly Europe; it surpasses that as 25 knots transcends mere 20 in a liner at sea, or as an English girl of the early teens out does that age in any other land.

I retired for bed early that night, having arranged to be up at five to climb Asama with a friend from Osaka; and not till I had undressed did I remember the sacred Nuisance with his nightly craze. We had learned that he was a Dutch clergyman of the Lutheran Church, a powerful and obstinate man of seventy years, who had long been travelling round the world. To-night he was at large in the New Testament, and at this moment was in full cry—he read in English, which he spoke with great distinction—through the genealogy with which St. Matthew opens, apparently regarding it as an exercise in elocution, since he would repeat with gusto any verse which offered special difficulty in articulation. Sleep, gentle sleep, was not to be hoped for while this maniac raved. What with his fine frenzy and the maddening "pin-n-mb" of thirsty mosquitoes, I was thoroughly worn out by two o'clock and lay impassive waiting for the dawn. A few minutes before five my *shoji* were wedged an inch apart by a tiny noiseless finger, belonging to

O Tora San, the six-year-old daughter of the house. Pretending soundest sleep, I watched her movements through a chink of an eyelid. She came bare-footed tip-toe to the bed, raised the mosquito-net, and softly stroked the back of my hand, many times, without a word. Finding the foreigner was still obtuse, she placed her finger on his eyes, and then with a long-drawn sigh he awoke, and bid her good-morning. In huge glee, as of one who really does know how to manage the *ijin san*, she inquired if I would have my bath at once, and on my assenting flew from the room to shout instructions down the corridor. In a minute or two the Teacher entered to say the Hot Water was ready, whereupon Tora, seizing sponge and soap, proudly strode before me to the bathroom. Now came a tragedy unrehearsed, for Tora shut herself in with me, holding that her duty was by no means done until she had seen me safely through—for what do foreigners know about baths? In vain the Teacher tried to pull her out; she roared at him with indignation, and kicked his much-enduring shins. He called her mother, and when she came upon the scene, with a brief imperative on her tongue, her large-eyed daughter burst into a passion of tears, choking with gulps of genuine grief as if her youthful heart would break. She could not comprehend why I should throw her over in this despicable way, and during the remainder of my stay she never forgave me; alone of all the children she would not allow me to touch her, but would stand some yards away gazing at me—even when I had her baby-brother on my shoulder—with a look of steady repudiation; nor would the costliest *hakka* (lumps of luscious peppermint) induce her to relent. Such was O Tora San (Miss Tiger) her father's pet, and a dear girl anywhere.

The Osaka friend arrived at half-past

five, and we tried to do justice to the ample breakfast smoking hot upon the table. At six we said good-bye—the Teacher wished he could accompany us, for he had seen none of the glories of his native land—and followed our coolie on the Kutsukaké road. It is the fashion to "do" Asama by night, for two reasons explicitly set forth, and a third well understood. The coiling flames in the crater's depth show better in the dark, while there is the bewitching event of a sunrise seen from the crest: there is also the romance that steals over Adam and Eve as they pace their night-watch round the lurid sulphurous rim. Notwithstanding this we chose daylight, for what is a mountain view without fresh nerves to enjoy the morning sun? Our day was a brilliant blaze, and we sped along restless with a dazzling dawn at our backs, panted up with smarting eyes the steep four thousand feet from the hut, and stood at ease on the summit by half-past ten, after a tiring walk of about ten miles. From the top the world lay microscopically clear a hundred miles all round, and the prospect, under a cloudless sky, was too immense for words; perhaps we took it in the better because there was nothing more enchanting at our elbow. From this perch 8,000 feet above the sea we looked across an empire of views, range behind range, countless as waves on an ocean waste; and not a sound in the air except the murmuring pulse of the fires beneath our feet. Such splendor of vision can only be borne by prosperous portly married men: the others take it to heart too much. The very wealth of sparkling sun that reigns among the vivid silence all around subdues our lonely souls—and we turn to the coolie for relief. He hands us umbrellas and coats, and putting on the one we sit beneath the other, revelling in a perfect air. Though a smelting furnace raged below us, the temperature was

divinely fresh, and we gazed with god-like pity on laboring mortals in the quivering plain.

We would gladly have stayed on this noble outlook until sunset made a picture fit for Turner alone to paint; but we had promised to see a friend off by the three o'clock train at the little station clearly visible ten miles away: so we hurled the customary stones into the groaning crater of fire, which writhed and licked and drew deep breaths like a whole menagerie of flame; then we trotted blithely down to the Wakasaré hut, arriving two hours later hot and dirty on the platform in advance of our friend. Wishing him joy of the heated levels whither he was bound, we sauntered back to our village, where an extra-warm hot bath soon freshened us and turned us out presentable for tea at a hospitable bungalow near by.

After an hour's delightful cosmopolitan chat the tea-party dispersed, most of them wending their way to evensong at the clean little English church. Forty years ago this tiny village, like every other in Japan, had its notice-board with the old proclamation against "the depraved sect called Christians"; and now the villagers watch with complete indifference the foreigners filing in to worship as they please.

One of our party did not want to go, a creature of thirteen with sumptuous hair, and she, endowed with a gentler heart than might have been judged from the defiant habit of her tongue, proposed to give me a treat, and guide me to a small secluded dell among the hills, where I should see something. She was devotedly companionable, and I arrived at the dell with deep regret, knowing that half our walk was done. Here, beside a transparent pool formed by a rippling brook whose course steered clear of taint, stood a wooden shed in which a cheery Japanese was busily

engaged sealing up tins of "Somebody's Swiss Milk," while on a lower level grazed the apathetic cows from whom this European beverage was distraised. He threw himself into his work with the *abandon* of an artist and chattered hard to make us share in his enthusiasm. Labels, photographically exact reproductions, lay around in heaps, and, barring the language in which the industry was carried on, we might have been in Switzerland, with the upland meadows and mountain air that composed the background for the fraudulent tableau. My pretty chaperon, who had lived most of her short life in Japan, plied him with questions on the ethics of his course; but his moral sense of copyright seemed as rudimentary as that of some trans-Atlantic publishers. Pointing repeatedly at his stolid cows, he urged the proposition that such exemplary raw material, on the spot, must be better for the nutrition of his clients than similar products "faked" and borne across the seas. He was a bit of an Imperialist too as well as a fraud, and enunciated the pious hustings creed that the Needs of the Empire should, so far as in us lies, be supplied from *within* the Realm. Then he stuck the labels on in such a winningly deft and accurate way that we felt his case was unanswerable.³

But sunset comes on the just as well as the unjust, and as the woods were beginning to flush crimson we said good-night to this Far-Eastern forger, leaving him to the same High Court which deals with decorous fraudulent solicitors and coarse-grained ravaging company-mongers in our own most favored Christian land. The breezy culprit was so self-possessed that he took the trouble to show us a better way back, down a lovely liquid-gurgling hedgerow path. We did not hur-

³ This was six years ago. Trade-marks are now protected in Japan by the same Conventions as in the West.

ry, for it was that breathless twilight hour when

All the air a solemn stillness holds,

no less in Japan than where in English latitudes

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea . . .

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

though the flocks and herds are conspicuous by their absence in Japan.

Two miles in front the fairy lanterns of our village home glowed soft; behind us the empty silent hills were silhouetted sable-hued against an inarticulate world of burnished archipelagoes floating poised in a sea of irradiate ruddy gold. In spite of the splendor in the sky, there was something more constraining in the round-chinned creature by my side; and when already her bungalow arrived, and those short skirts passed within the door, I resumed my way aggrieved at the narrow limitations of the statute mile.

All was hilarity in the inn. It was somebody's birthday, so somebody's table had champagne, and infection caught the whole room; healths were drunk, and peals of laughter roused the air that was usually so sedate. For once we all gave the impression of being really glad we were alive—so that the wondering *nésan* lingered at the door to bequeath approving smiles. Even the lady lately lost upraised her voice above its ordinary calm; while Skipper and Mate, exuberant in random repartee, together soared to a seventh heaven of congenial joy.

It was rather late when our company broke up for bed, but so far as I was concerned the eventful day was not yet over. Beguiled by the glorious weather outside, I had again neglected while it was day to take precautions for the night; and now that Voice was

once more harrowing the air. Whether it was the grating contrast with our twilight walk, or the shock after the merry brotherhood of the *table d'hôte*, or because Asama had left me glutinous for sleep, the irruption of that dismal discord made me merciless; it was the third consecutive night, and the outrage must be stopped. I stepped across to his room, and knocked with emphasis more than once. Disdaining the interruption, he swelled to a louder blast, and pranced in sonorous triumph:

What profit has Man of all his labor under the sun?

One generation goes, another generation comes:

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full;

To the place where the rivers go, there go they again and again.

But as he proceeded, a Dutchman delivering in English this old Asiatic tale, my fury abated, and I had not the heart to interrupt again; dropping from its aggressive pitch the voice sank lower, like a sad bassoon, and the music moved more slowly, with a keen articulation of each word:

. . . Whatever my eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy. And this was my portion from all my labor,—I looked on the works that my hands had wrought, and behold, all was vanity and a wrestling with the wind; there was no satisfaction under the sun.

The bitterness of the climax seemed to sting him to a sterner note, and the wooden building echoed like a sounding-board:

. . . For of the wise man, even as of the fool, there is no remembrance for ever, seeing that in the days to come all will have been already forgotten. And how does the wise man die? even as the fool. So I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun was

grievous unto me; for all is vanity and a wrestling with the wind.

Even a man of royal blood should not speak like that,—if he had been to the top of Asama, or had had one walk with a long-striding ardent creature of mere thirteen. Nor would he then have written.

... Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.

But perhaps he composed his plaint during a period of saturated air, such as takes the grit out of the strongest white man in Japan—when the month of June lays its steamy choking weight upon our hearts. (About that time the cocksurest Anglo-Saxon drags his big limp frame along the shady side of the street in a manner most unworthy of a Dominant Race; then is the month when suicides occur among prosperous Christian men; and we realize the debt we owe to the crisp climate of our island home.)

The Teacher had just gone by with soft footfall to his hard-earned rest; the inn was very silent as the dirge ran on:

... Behold, they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive; yea, more than both the man that has not yet been, who has not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

The voice ceased a few minutes while its owner sipped some tea, and he must have turned several pages when he resumed:

... A living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. As well their love, as their hatred and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion

for ever in anything that is done under the sun.

Taking a long breath and heaving a long sigh—because of his age and loneliness—he hastened through the powerful peroration to its unimpassioned close, while in a lowered voice came the sedately uttered final words:

... This is the end of the matter, when all has been said: fear God and keep his commandments; therein lies the health of Man.

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A dramatic silence reigned now in the corridor: the two white men, preacher and congregation, subsided into sleep—men of that favored breed whose higher inborn energy has caused them to look with contempt upon people of Asiatic race, though it is Asia whose finest moral teaching yet persists, in these enlightened times, the mainstay and cement of every civilized society.

Awaking tardily next morning from a heavy sleep, I found my last day was come, so I gladly joined some others in a saunter up the Usui Pass, for a farewell view of the blue panorama that lies hushed beneath us on that airy height. The summer breeze laps softly here, where the only noise beside our western voices is the hum of incessant myriad insects darting rapid flights through the splendor of rich sunshine; we are out on the edge of the most remote Old World, and a sense of infinite secrets seems to be borne on the silent sweep of voluminous velvety air that pervades Japan from off the vast horizons of the scented warm Pacific. Two thousand years ago an Emperor coming home victorious from a rough campaign stopped at this spot, arrested by the glorious sight; in the same glance came the memory of his young wife, taken by Death along those distant shores; and the two short words of lament that broke from his lips

have clung to the landscape ever since.' We buy a few trifles from the handful of peasants who—together with a shrine (*ga ta sans dire* in Japan)—keep guard on the brow of the Pass; they occupy poverty-stricken little huts, and must live in extreme destitution, yet they are free from bodily dirt and smell of similar folk elsewhere; and the squalor itself is nearly forgotten because of the gentle ceremoniousness of each ill-fed inmate of these sheds. While they go inside out of the noonday blaze to swallow their poor melancholy meal of millet, we heirs of the ages turn aside by the ancient shrine, ascend a few hundred feet to a finer vantage-point beneath trees, and there unpack our own expensive food, deftly made up with every aid to appetite that our Host's experience of "foreigners" can suggest. Does their blue landscape speak to them with the same mysterious music as to us? or are their nerves, for lack of tonic food through centuries, shut out from half the symphony around? Each day in Japan the white man feels his luck, and knows it more than his deserts.

While we are basking idle on the limpid heights, watching the scene through wisps of lazy smoke, and watching too a proud young creature of thirteen pick flowers as beautiful as herself, down far below in the breathless village within a shady wooden hall the missionaries, come from all Japan, are sitting grave in Conference. Here in their annual summer meeting they find themselves confronted with the suspicion—which they indignantly disown—that much of what they are commending to their Japanese audience is not so much "Christianity" as Race. They exhort the Japanese to become "a Christian nation," while yet at the back of their heads the word "Christian" has to them no meaning unless it embodies

the best characteristics of men who are born white.

They must learn to take the Japanese as they are, a different Race, as distinct from us as horns from violins in an orchestra. But the Christian orchestra is a house of "many mansions," and there they can surely find a place.

We leave the missionaries to think it out. Because we are so "good-looking" compared with the East (the external sign of an inner organic superiority), and our women's bodies so superb, because we have made the world a material garden of Eden (for those who have money), and especially because we have learnt from scientific research the secret of overwhelming national Power, so that we can "teach them a lesson" whenever we wish, therefore we tower above these parent civilizations, and urge them to change their racial spots, to take upon them all our white peculiarities. Yet the missionaries know, when alone in the silence of uncontroversial hills, that the hope which inspires their efforts arose out of Asia. They know that though white men are easily first when there is work to be done and conditions to be improved—that is, whenever it is a question of high energy—yet no breed of white men has ever bestowed on the world that store of comfort for the soul which the nations treasure as their chief possession.

Now we must forsake our sunny picnics on the hills, bid farewell to the quiet village, and drop down again into the torrid plain. We have no space left to tell how Tora said good-bye with a hand as limp as clay, though a volcano of a small heart beat beneath her *kimono*; how the Preacher and his Book were at last ejected from the inn; how a week or two later the village itself was nearly washed away in a furious typhoon; how I paid a visit to the Skipper (where of course I met the Mate) in his high estate that rises like a fort

* "A! tsuma!" ("Oh my wife!"). Azuma is the old name of this eastern district of Japan.

above the Shinagawa swamp; how the Teacher wrote months afterwards to enumerate the text-books he had purchased with our "tips"; and how on sparkling Christmas Day I received a

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certain card addressed in a rounded hand, a card with a cow erect on a sunset field, and under it the words, "Lest we forget."

Ernest Foxwell.

GEORGE GISSING.

The true function of the novel is still one of those vexed questions upon which criticism seems constitutionally incapable of satisfying itself. Other problems in literary ethics come up from time to time, as taste crystallizes, for controversy and decision; undergo their little hour of hesitancy, and are pigeon-holed for future reference; but the question of the whole duty of the novelist is just as open to-day as it was in the age of "Pamela," and "Joseph Andrews." Here perpetually the inextinguishable conflict between realism and idealism—that conflict which began with the birth of criticism and seems likely to survive the taste for creation itself—rages with unabated ardor. Here, alone, in the field of fiction, anything like stability of judgment seems almost unattainable. What should the novel be? What is its proper aim and limitation? Is the novelist to be a preacher, torturing himself to illustrate some dogma or to point some moral; or is he to accept the gentler duty of entertainment, "taking tired people," as Mr. Kipling picturesquely puts it, "to the islands of the blest," and entirely content with his art if he has lured his audience into an hour's forgetfulness of the rush and worry of modern conditions and modern responsibilities? Or, to put it a little differently, is the novelist to interpose between man and his environment some softening veil of fancy; or is he to draw life as he sees

it, coldly and with calculation, sacrificing pleasure to the truth, and telling over and over again a gray, dispiriting story to what must soon become a tired, and perhaps a rather irresponsible world? It is an old problem, and threadbare, but somehow or other time and argument seem to bring us very little nearer to its solution.

And yet the question is really a vital one; for until the novelist has faced it, and decided with which of the forces he intends to range himself, his work is almost certain to lack sincerity and effect. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that that dissatisfying lack of fibre which every critical reader must confess to finding in so much of the well-meant fiction of the time, is entirely due to the failure of the author to get his issues clear at the outset, and to understand the point of view from which he himself regards life and its intricate complexities. Analyze an unsatisfying novel to its radical constituents and you will always find insincerity at the root of all its evil. Obliquity of vision, confusion of attitude, false sentiment, ill-conceived character, blurred proportion—all these elementary faults of the mediocre novel spring, in the first instance, from the author's own want of literary sincerity. How can a man hope to produce a reasonable picture of our complex and sensitive modern life until he has placed himself in some definite relation

to its problems; until, in short, he has himself felt and lived the passions and incidents which he sets himself to describe; lived them, not, of course, necessarily in the actual arena of action, but at least in that fortified castle of the mind in which sympathy enables a man to bear a friend's infirmities just as poignantly as he would bear his own. Different men, of course, will bear the same infirmity in different ways; and life, no less than art, has room for its realists as well as its idealists. But no man, it is safe to say, will ever live his life out profitably who has not fought, in his imagination, the battles which others have to fight, in reality, from day to day; and no man will ever issue from the study of books an artist of any power or influence, who has not made his peace with that first necessity of the artist, and taken up his own definite and sincere attitude towards the problems which he has to suggest. Art raises the old cry among her children: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve"; and, until the answer is given and the choice made, she will tell them nothing of her secrets.

George Gissing, whose death within the week of Christmas brought a chilling sense of loss to all who are interested in the literary craft in England, was one of that small body of contemporary novelists whose career leaves no room for question about the sincerity or completeness of their choice. He died in what ought to have been his prime, just at the moment when a long course of comparative disregard and very positive personal discomfort seemed on the point of emerging into high reputation and intellectual ease. For years happiness had been beyond his grasp, and popularity had seemed to evade him. He saw men of much inferior talent pass him in the race for public favor; he knew—he must have known—that only a small concession to popular taste,

only a slight deviation from literary sincerity and his chosen path, was needed to place him at once among the vociferously acclaimed, and to bring him affluence and notoriety. But, if the temptation ever presented itself to him, it was never for a moment entertained. A truer artist, a more conscientious and sincere workman than George Gissing never lived. He made no compromise with fortune, permitted no suspicion of disloyalty to his own ideal. He ranged himself from the outset with those who, out of the very integrity of their point of view, are forced, as it were, "to paint the thing as they see it for the God of things as they are"; and it was simply impossible for his open and honest nature to paint or to imagine anything else. The last years of his life were gladdened by a growing sense of recognition: even in the glibber forms of journalism it was no longer permissible to speak of George Gissing otherwise than with respect. But he died too soon to taste that fuller approbation which the best of his work is certain to command from all who are capable of appreciating true and vital literature; he died too soon to enjoy his elementary deserts. And the sense of this prematurity of loss adds an even grayer tint to the atmosphere of a life which, from its start to within sight of the last turn in the road, had more than its share of mist and rain. "The sense of tears in mortal things" was never more keenly felt, or more bravely faced, than it was in this manifold, strenuous, and undiverted career of work and sympathy.

It is often curiously instructive to notice how widely a man's first literary inspirations differ from his subsequent development. Gissing, it has been said, drew life as he found it (it is the first truth about him); but, before a man begins to write at all, books have always given the impulse towards literary expression. And no one who has

read that warm, keen tribute to Dickens in the "Victorian Era Series," and noticed the intimate sympathy between the older and the younger writer, can doubt that the earliest impetus to literature assailed Gissing from the pages of "David Copperfield," and "Great Expectations." Charles Dickens and George Gissing! Could there be a more complete contrast, if the two are viewed superficially? On the one hand, we seem to see the bubbling, carolling, inveterate optimist, arm in arm with good humor and the spirit of joy, taking the road for himself with swinging gait; and on the other, hugging the shadow, avoiding the crowd, the sad-eyed watcher in the twilight, alert, observant, sensitive, but certain only of the very futility of merriment and illusion.

Look below the surface, however, and you find at once a host of resemblances only more astonishing than the dissimilarities. Both, to begin with, inhabited the same world. Both of them knew every street of that decaying, foggy district that stretches north of the Gray's Inn Road towards Pentonville and the ghostly wraith of Sadler's Wells; both of them were at home in the less-known reaches of the East End; and to both of them the people who live in these regions were the people best worth writing about. One of the soundest of Gissing's novels is called "The Unclassed," and in his preface to that book he describes the world that his people inhabit as "the limbo external to society"; the world, that is, of men and women who are neither well-bred and notable on the one hand, nor criminally vicious and irreconcilable on the other; the men and women who bear no "statistic badge," but are simply members of the vast, striving, tolling, unheroic multitude that makes up the tale of British citizenship. Now, these are precisely Dickens's people, too. He drew them as he saw them,

and Gissing, in his turn, drew them as he saw them. Both men according to their lights, were realists, and are united, across the wide gulf of almost opposite idiosyncrasies, by their common allegiance to the same literary ideal. The very width of their divergence is only another example of the infinite and consociatory brotherhood of art.

Current criticism has a trick, in talking of the uses of realism in art, which is very misleading and erroneous. It is a habit of critics to praise a realistic artist as one who draws life absolutely naked and in its essentials, and to make it a special virtue in his method that he is supposed to permit no shadow of his own personality to obtrude between his subject and his audience. Whether such a method would, or would not, be artistically sound, is an open question; but, as a matter of fact, it is a question that can never arise, for the simple reason that no artist ever yet drew or wrote, with the least pretension to artistic quality, who did not continually obtrude his own personality in precisely the fashion which a certain class of critics seeks to deprecate. Just as the mechanical reproducer of a picture places between his subject and the plate on which the subject is to be reproduced a sort of screen of fine meshes, which gives value and distinctness to the details, so the literary artist always and inevitably interposes, between his world and the reader to whom he introduces it, the film or screen of his own personality, filtered through which every separate tone and line takes the color of his own temperament and sensibility. And the stronger the temperament, the more compelling the art; so that all great and enduring work, however apparently naturalistic, owes its qualities of greatness and permanency precisely to the force and individuality of the man who created it. This would seem a platitude, were it

not that it is so frequently contradicted by the current language of criticism.

When once it is appreciated, however, it explains the whole principle of literary creation: explains, too, how it comes that a temperament like that of George Gissing, nurtured upon the genius of Dickens, can yet go down into Dickens's world, with its eyes open, and produce a picture so extraordinarily different, for example, as the world of *Waymark* is from the world of *Micawber* and the *Jellabys*. After all, the worlds are just the same externally. "The long, unlovely street," whose vista melts in everlasting haze, the street of unclean thresholds and rusty knockers, where the milkcan and the newspaper stand out on the doorstep in the damp of Sunday morning, till the bells are chiming for service; when at last a lean arm, clad in a draggled wrapper, thrusts itself with prehensile clutch round the half-open door, through which a faint suggestion flutters of frowzy hair in curling-pins. So Emma Micawber prepared Traddles's breakfast; so Mrs. Peachey kept house for her complaining sisters. And yet, how different the two worlds appear under the touch of divergent talents! To Dickens, overflowing with pictorial imagination, even the most unideal aspect of a London street was alive with glow and vivacity. He did not consciously caricature what he saw; indeed, his detail has been proved by cold photography to be unimpeachably true to fact, he only projected himself and his amazing "animism" into everything that came in his way. For him the milkcan was rapping out his demand to be taken in, as the wind shook its loose handle; the newspaper was fluttering to get off into a more congenial corner. And when the woman herself looked round the door, he would find something of homely comfort in the kettle that was singing on the fire beyond, something worthy of maternal soiled-

tude and love in the squalling, neglected infant in its cot upstairs. This, too, was realism, elaborately constructed and observed, but touched to color everywhere by the intercepting haze of a genial and naturally ecstatic temperament.

Perhaps, it is true, that by the time Gissing came to observe the same scenes, it was no longer possible, in the gradually moving give-and-take of literary taste, for good humor and make-believe to gild observation with its genial tinge; and that some sort of change of front was inevitable. One thing at least is certain. Gissing saw the same scenes through the medium of an actually opposite temperament. The ruddy-golden screen was replaced by one, not indeed of impenetrable gray (as some of his critics would have us believe), but at least of almost unrelieved monotone. Where the light fell through it, its rays served only to emphasize the surrounding gloom. In short, as every kindly critic of Gissing has told us over and over again, during the last month, his books make sombre reading. And to understand the temperament one must know something of the man himself. There are cases, such as that of the purely fantastic idealist, where personal inquiry is not only unnecessary, but impertinent; for here the man's life and his life-work are apt to be so completely separate that criticism of the latter is likely to be more sure of its ground if it leaves the former alone altogether. But with a talent like that of Gissing, so concentrated, so sincere, and, above all, so constant in the imputation of himself upon the world of his fancy, it is quite impossible to appreciate the work without knowing something of the man and his method. And, as in the case of all true artists, such knowledge only increases our sympathy and respect for the indomitable sincerity of the effort. "Whatever record leaps to light," the work only appears the wor-

thier, the ambition only shows the nobler.

In appreciating the external influences that helped to mould his work, there is happily no need to be unduly inquisitive. He has told us himself all that he cared for the outside world to know, and that is abundantly sufficient to explain his temperament. George Gissing was meant by nature to be a scholar and a recluse; he had all the true bookman's love for the comely volume, all the student's passion for the perfect phrase. He was meant to be happy in a well-filled library among the classics that he loved; his delicate constitution demanded a simple, easy life; his tastes clamored for repose. Fate, on the contrary, threw him into the arena, to fight with the Ephesian beasts of hunger and privation. For years he lived a life of sordid discomfort, and often of cruel want, tolling against every difficulty among surroundings bitterly and disastrously uncongenial. In "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," he has given us a poignant, but in no way vindictive picture of that painful period. Since Gissing's death it has been stated that the "Ryecroft" papers were not strictly autobiographical; and if by this it is meant that every separate incident is not a photographic fact, the criticism, no doubt, is true enough. But Gissing himself admitted that the general impression of the book was that of his own life, and that many of the events described were deliberately and carefully restored from his recollection. And indeed, no sensitive reader can fail to feel the intimate "actuality" of the record.

Here, then, we see Gissing as he was, when all the formative influences of life were at work upon his nature. Imprisoned in a London lodging for sheer lack of means to travel; his fancy wandering over seas, while his body was chained to his desk; he was perpetually at work, reproducing a world for which

he had at heart an instinctive distaste. Holidays came for other people, but never, in those days, for himself.

At times, indeed, I seem all but to have forgotten that people went away for holiday. In those poor parts of the town where I dwelt, season made no perceptible difference; there were no luggage-laden cabs to remind me of joyous journeys; the folk about me went daily to their toil as usual, and so did I. I remember afternoons of languor, when books were a weariness, and no thought could be squeezed out of the drowsy brain; then would I betake myself to one of the parks, and find refreshment without any enjoyable sense of change. Heavens, how I labored in those days!

The work, he says, was cheerfully undertaken, with a constant determination not to be beaten in the battle of life, but the surroundings were depressing enough to have broken the spirit of many a stronger man.

I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court-road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals (I once found sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a washstand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here *I wrote*. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by-the-bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. At night, as I lay in bed, I used to hear the tramp, tramp of a *posse* of policemen who passed along the alley on their way to relieve guard; their heavy feet sometimes sounded on the grating above my window.

It was among such domestic discom-

forts as these that "New Grub Street" was feverishly written, in that fine, delicate manuscript with which his correspondents were familiar. He is said to have completed this particular book in six weeks, toiling at his desk for ten hours a day, scarcely speaking to a fellow-creature all the time, and selling his favorite books to second-hand dealers in order to get the wherewithal to buy the simplest food. Here, strangely enough, he followed exactly the experience of the boy Dickens; but the loss of such silent companions must have been harder to the man than to the child, more particularly when one remembers that many of these books, like a certain treasured and dog-eared "Tibullus," were bought at the cost of a dinner. For on the day when he acquired this precious volume for sixpence at an old bookshop in Goodge Street, he had to be content with bread-and-butter for four-and-twenty hours.

Well, at the time his native courage carried him through these distractions with a good heart, but in later years the memory of them hurt him to the quick. One of his friends, Mr. Noel Ainslie, records the fact that there was a certain London lodging-house which Gissing could never bring himself to revisit. "It was an old house with a little balcony, and you can still see it," he said, "as you walk up —; but I turn my head away whenever I pass the end of the street, for I cannot bear to look at that window." This sort of aftermath of bitterness, is, of course, a common experience of the sensitive. Tennyson felt it, so too did Dickens, in a very marked degree. Bitter memories of the kind get burnt into the brain, and every detail of suffering is reproduced even against the will. But this is not the only nor the chief effect of such experience upon a delicate, literary temperament. Every intelligent watcher of life in city streets will have noticed how much quicker and sharper

in observation are the children of the gutter than those of the sheltered home; hunger, thirst, and the struggle for survival are wonderful teachers in the school of comprehension. Above all faculties, that of swift and accurate observation of detail seems positively to be fostered by want and privation; the eye, in search of necessities, becomes abnormally alert, the brain abnormally accurate in registration. Gissing, like so many others who have undergone the same discipline, at once developed this nervous, palpitating faculty. His sense of detail is extraordinary; he notices everything, and notices it with the "lean and hungry look," the sleepless watchfulness of the waiting Cassius. At first he had only to describe what lay around him; but, as his field widened, it was necessary to cover new ground, and in no single detail did he ever trust his imagination. He must see the thing itself, watch it, and record every smallest particular of its development. It is said that he would loaf of an evening in the East End among the barrows of the costermongers, would smoke many a pipe in silent contemplation by the ingle of a beer-house, would spend a night in the gallery of a slum-side theatre, always assiduously observing and gathering "copy." Again, if fuller experience were needed, he would change his lodging to fit the scene of the novel he was writing, hiding now in the lower Lambeth reaches, and again mixing in the mixed society of a Camberwell boarding-house.

I had a goal before me, and *not* the goal of the average man. Even when pinched with hunger I did not abandon my purposes, which were of the mind. But contrast that starved lad in his slum lodging with any fair conception of intelligent and zealous youth, and one feels that a dose of swift poison would have been the right remedy for such squalid ills.

Such was the making of a realist; and, while of course it resulted in an impeccable veracity of workmanship, it is impossible to deny that it had its artistic drawbacks. Gissing's observation was actually too comprehensive, his affection for detail was overwhelming. This is especially clear in the personal descriptions of his characters. He has a trick of enumerating every feature, color, shape, and suggestion all elaborately recorded; and the effect of such "schedules of beauty" ("*Item*, two lips, indifferent red; *Item*, two gray eyes with lids to them; *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth") is not, as Olivia very well knew, to convey the true impression of a face. The true impression is a general one, with some outstanding feature conspicuously marked; and Gissing's elaborate inventories fail again and again to convey any real and abiding picture. The details are too many; they simply confuse the fancy. And this is true of his workmanship in a more general sense as well. His great failing was his want of imagination, and of broad poetic suggestion. He was instinctively unable to contemplate his world on a broad plane; and perhaps the very bitterness of his own experience prevented him from illuminating it with any sort of sustaining philosophy. We shall see this point more clearly when we come to say a word or two upon the inner character of his work; in the meanwhile, it remains as a brooding hindrance upon the externals of his art as well. And in the very beginning it militated grievously against any chance of his popularity.

Realism, of course, has never been popular in England. "That rather narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman" (as Arnold loved mischievously to call him), does not care to be told too much about the naked truth of things. He likes the downright character; he expects elementary honesty;

but he does at least wish to believe that this dear old England of his is quite the best possible country, all things considered, in the best of all practically possible worlds. Now, Gissing's gray and sombre revelations of the true surroundings of more than half the population of the country told him just the opposite of all this; and naturally, feeling uncomfortable under the information, he decided to leave Gissing's work indulgently alone. It happened, therefore—and it is not very much to the credit of our cosmopolitan artistic judgment that this should have been the case—it happened that in France, where realism is indigenous, Gissing's reputation was already among the highest in British fiction before the London libraries were at all disconcerted by any pressing demand for his books. The young French enthusiasts were hailing him as "*le jeune maitre*," and comparing him with Zola, when not even an illustrated London paper had found occasion to beg him to be photographed.

Since Gissing's death, this comparison with Zola has been widely repeated; but it is surely not quite so felicitous as some of the favorite parallelisms of French literary criticism. Certain likenesses do undoubtedly exist. Both writers were avid for detail; both were susceptiblely sincere; both surrounded their world with a sort of cloud of honest melancholy. But the intrinsic methods of the two—their cardiac relations to life—were diametrically opposite. With Zola the whole concern of art was the promulgation of a thesis; he was, surely, the *enfant terrible* of the "novel with a purpose." Every one of his novels propounds a theme, and the characters in it are arranged, like puppets in a theatre, to illustrate the main doctrine of the story. A novel by Zola may be said to be like a lecturer's celestial globe. It has raised stars upon it, representing the separate

units of the firmament; but the lecturer revolves it in his hands to argue the movement of the whole sphere, and the stars move with the globe, merely as parts of the whole complicated machinery of motion. It is the same with Zola's characters. He revolves the circling ball of his theme, showing every side of it to the audience, but the characters that people the story move only as component portions of the subject, which dominates the whole discourse with a sort of insistent personality. With Gissing the very opposite method is the whole secret of art. He writes, not at all to illustrate a theory, but simply to picture life. With him the characters of his story are the entire concern of the artist. He takes his little group of people, follows them into their houses, watches them in their daily going out and coming in; and, like his own Philip Lashmar, "takes to heart all their human miseries and follies, living in a ceaseless mild indignation against the tenor of his age." It is the individual that interests him, not the general movement; and it is by his wonderfully sympathetic reflections of individual ambition and disappointment that the best of his work will survive its generation. Here, at last, we reach the mainspring of Gissing's art. That training in realistic method which his own hard experience afforded him, was all the while tending towards the development of this nervous sympathy with suffering which is the true anti-septic of his work. The strength of his art is concentrated here. Whether he saw life whole or not, he at least saw it, through the medium of his own temperament, with amazing steadiness. And all his stories may be said to be animated by the same sentiment, the same "ceaseless, mild indignation against the tenor of his age.

The individual, we have said, is the one interest of his art; but it is always the individual seen through the same

haze of temperament. Gissing himself, thrown by circumstances into a life the very opposite of that his taste dictated, moving among the laborious and the toll-worn, with his own inclinations all set towards study and intellectual ease, could scarcely help seeing, in all the world around him, perpetual evidence of the foiled ambition of a striving and ever disappointed humanity. All his experience returned to this truth, crying with Browning:

Just when I seemed about to learn!

Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

Two main complications recur again and again in his stories. On the one hand, there is the cruel disillusionment of the man or woman who is conscious of immortal longings which a narrow and uninspiring environment is incapable of satisfying; on the other, there is the spectacle of a rich and desired opportunity, suddenly placed by fate in the path of a character too unstable and purposeless to grasp its own advantage. In either case, there is the same result: a bitter awakening, disappointment, and at the best a resignation which is already on the borders of despair. And in tracing the course of disillusionment the artist spares us very little. In the threadbare lodgings, makeshift homes, and penurious parsonages to which he carries our imagination, the tale of domestic irritability, of the petty jars of conflicting temperaments, of the triturating friction of daily intercourse upon the uncongenial, is told with the very poignancy of truth. The touch is not so much bitter as tenderly regretful; "Oh, the pity of it!" he seems to say:

The little less, and such worlds away.

The man himself, as he pictures him

in "Ryecroft," is here among his characters, speaking of the things he has known, with the vexed courage of resignation.

Naturally a man of independent and rather scornful spirit, he had suffered much from defeated ambition, from disillusion of many kinds, from subjection to grim necessity; the result of it, at the time of which I am speaking, was, certainly not a broken spirit, but a mind and temper so sternly disciplined, that, in ordinary intercourse with him, one did not know but that he led a calm, contented life.

But the calm is only a superficial assumption. Underneath it is always surging that "mild indignation against the tenor of his age," mild indeed, but tenderly pathetic, with a sense of lost possibilities and averted hopes. Why, he seems to say, should this poor, vain girl, decked out in shabby finery, have the soul of a melodramatic heroine in the body of a milliner's assistant? Why should this true laborer in the field of art be forced to debase his talents at the whim of a selfish and frivolous wife, and at last to give his life as well as his ambition to glut a still dissatisfied vanity? Why should all the world be full of the sighing of the prisoners of the soul, who find no respite and no rest in the perpetual seeking for the never found? And there is no answer but his own inquiry. Why? And yet, of course, this is not the whole philosophy of life; nor, if the artist had seen the life around him through the medium of a less sensitive temperament than his own, would he have found it to be seething only with sorrow and doubt. The old woman on the farm, who looked over the fence into her pig-sty, and exclaimed with benediction: "Well, I am sure we have all much to be thankful for! God A'mighty might a' made us all pigs!"—this simple philosopher of the backyard was, after all, viewing the situation entirely from

her own point of view, and not at all from the pigs'. They, no doubt—good, easy bodies—were well contented with their ditch, and would have thought the bustling, rattling life of the kitchen and the dairy the very depth of irritating discomfort. Life, after all, has always its double aspect; not every one has his hidden ideals. Those who move amid middle-class English life will readily admit that in many of the uniform and unideal villas of a London suburb there is one member of the family (generally a girl) who has ambitions above her station, and a capacity for idealism which cannot be satisfied with third-rate dances and mild flirtations in the lecture-room. But for every one such imprisoned spirit, "beating in the void its luminous wings in vain," there will be a dozen plump, contented persons, to whom the certainty of roast beef on Sunday, and the possible excitement of a smile from the curate will abundantly satisfy from week's end to week's end. And, if we go a little lower in the scale, we know that those kindly philanthropists who establish pleasant and well-ordered "Homes" for the children of the East End tell us continually that the life of the streets is so fascinating and of such rare enchantment to its own sons and daughters, that most of them, after trying the creature comforts of the refuge for a little while, yearn to go back to the old garish lights, and break loose at last to take up again the precarious, exciting odyssey of the street arab. This side of the question George Gissing could not see, because, realist as he was in the practice of art, he was at heart an idealist of idealists; so truly so, indeed, that he presents but one more example of that singular paradox of the artistic life, which is forever setting the artist, conscientiously and with every access of sincerity, upon the very opposite path to that to which his inclination would naturally

seem to lead him. But the paths join at last. For only one who had a sense of the meaning of things beyond their common implication could draw them as they are. Some "wandering air of the unsaid" must traverse even the most definite and actual of human sayings.

In that exquisite volume of travel, "By the Ionian Sea," we seem to feel the genius of its author stretching out hands towards the further shore, and gradually assuming that mantle of romance with which his latest, and, it is to be feared, unfinished work is said to be altogether clothed. In the last days of his life George Gissing was permitted to taste some of that restfulness and ease for which he had all his life longed so tenderly; and the reflection of this gentle sunset-glow had begun to color his later work. Suppose the days of comfort had been prolonged, would they have turned his genius to new uses, teaching him some of that easier confidence which the days of tribulation (and they were many) had silenced in a sort of dumb despair? Who can say? But, standing with him by the waters that he loved, we seem to hear an unfamiliar echo in his voice, an echo that sounds like a farewell to the streets and alleys he had traversed for so long.

"So hard a thing," he says, "to catch and to retain, the mood corresponding perfectly to an intellectual bias—hard, at all events, for him who cannot shape his life as he will, and whom circumstance ever menaces with dreary har-

assment. Alone and quiet, I heard the washing of the waves; I saw the evening fall on the cloud-wreathed Etna, the twinkling lights came forth upon Scylla and Charybdis; and, as I looked my last towards the Ionian Sea, I wished it were mine to wander endlessly amid the silence of the ancient world, to-day and all its sounds forgotten."

To-day and all its sounds forgotten!

It is the pathos of so much of the artistic life that these importunate sounds can never be forgotten, that they ring in the ears of the artist till the very melody of the Muses' Hill is drowned in the thundering echoes of the Strand. To-day and all its sounds made up the medley of George Gissing's life, and roll, like a grumbling undercurrent, beneath the surface of all his work. The one thing wanting in that work, indeed—wanting not only to its popularity but also to its artistic perfection—was just an hour's respite from the insistent voices of the street, just a day's holiday, shall we say? among the shepherds upon the Delectable Mountains. And the final note of pathos in his story is simply the suggestion that the hour of respite had arrived, and that the House Beautiful itself was in sight, at the very moment when the rest that comes unsought wrote its cold, inevitable "Finis" across his life and work. The hour of his death seems almost, as it were, in cruel keeping with the hours of his life. The ambition was still unsatisfied; the last word was yet to say.

Arthur Waugh.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE CARE OF HER CHILD.

I.

A railway carriage of unusual equipment and with its special engine was drawn up on a siding at Tellin to await the passing of the "Petersburg to Paris" mail. The Princess Ganodkin was seated in its saloon *en route* for the Paris season. She took a cigarette from her lips. "Maroc! why spend the night here?" she inquired.

Maroc appeared, in a fur tunic and cotton trousers, the least of a Russian servant's inconsistencies. The arms of the family his own had always served were in golden embroidery on his coat sleeve, half buried in the fur.

"Excellency!" he returned, pettishly, "the piggish night mail demands the track and declines to pull private carriages. The Princesses Ganodkin are served—with a poor dinner."

"Summon the new Princess," she said in French, drawing nearer the narrow railway table. She was as typically Russian as a three days' snowfall. Her figure was stout, her shoulders and cheek-bones were even higher than her ambitions. When she was not smoking she was in church or drinking tea. Her daily garb was in the worst fashion of English tailors, plain as a deal coffin, square and strong. Her white hair shone with skilled care and jewelled pins, diamonds glittered in her shirt front, and gemmed necklaces were clasped outside her mannish collars. She read all languages, and smoked one brand of cigarettes.

Her daughter-in-law was a pretty American, evidently admiring the old lady, behind whose chair Maroc took his reverential stand. He smiled at them with the perfected nonchalance of an old retainer. The atmosphere

of these august travellers was simple and affectionate.

"We are attached to the 'Vitesse du Nord' in about two hours," the elder woman said.

"After which it is less than thirty to Alexis."

"And the hat-shops!" the "mother-title" answered, with a wonderfully becoming smile.

"I see by day before yesterday's *Figaro*," her daughter-in-law began, dutifully attempting table-talk, "that the son of your old friend—ah! how shall I pronounce him? Borovotsky?—who was found dead in Baden, had an æolian. Late on the night of his death he played the Racotzky March on it. The people in the next suite heard him, and a little black cross was found about his neck. This march and a little black cross, the paper said, was the sign, the concerted death sentence, of the society which killed his father. The Brothers Implacable, wasn't it?"

Maroc signalled silence from behind his stout mistress. She turned and caught him, "Get me the *Figaro*, dear," she said; her lips were white, and she drank all her wine without stopping, while her daughter-in-law brought the paper. She read rapidly, and then looked out on the sluggish Tiesen, which outruns time in that dull province. Her soup cooled before her untasted, and it was good soup. But the details of life were in abeyance, while her bitterest memory was turning in its sleep. The river sent the lingering sun a bright answer, its surface was red and gold, side by side with the iron tracks.

"The Brothers Implacable," she observed, "are the reason we have no

bands in Tolsk and no market crosses in Tilsit."

Maroc touched the mother-title on the shoulder. "Don't," he said entreatingly. "Please don't tell, Excellency."

There were streams of tears on his battered Kalmuck face; little streams, vivid in the last sun-rays, like the slow-moving river itself.

"My Husband," Princess Ganodkin said calmly, "was a victim of the Brothers Implacable. Neither Alexis nor I wished you to know it before you came to Russia. There is no real danger, and yet—thoughts of these things are disturbing to strangers. We are going to Paris now, and you might hear it in any salon *apropos* of Borovot-sky."

Princess Alexis was horrified, and yet her pretty face was doubly sympathetic. "That was in '70, mother of Alexis?"

The elder woman nodded. "My son was a year old," she said.

"But now," Maroc interrupted, "the concerted signal is banned. If one play the implacable tune, one is banished; if one 'discover, harbor, create, or borrow a black cross' one is fined. It is not a national society, it is only a club of Tilsit."

"It grew out of the riots in the sixties. Men dragged the country owners to the market crosses, and the bands played Racotzky," the mother-title explained.

Maroc attempted gaiety as he changed the plates. "Assassination is not hereditary," he said soothingly.

"Dear old idiot!" his mistress murmured with affection.

The carriage moved on its siding, the night mail thundered at hand, and passed them, racing toward the red west. One star pricked the zenith with its point of light. One thrush sang a spring song from his thicket. One fear lodged within three hearts—but the

women covered theirs with the gossip of two continents.

II.

Their special engine left them at Samost, when the "Vitesse du Nord" called for them. Lanterns shone on a wilderness of tracks, and stunted oaks shivered in the keen breeze. Even in the dark one observed a local bleakness.

"We get yesterday's papers here," Maroc proclaimed joyfully.

The two Princesses were arranged for the night on sheeted couches, arrayed in black *peignoirs* and covered with soft furs. Pintsh lights glared hotly from the ceiling, and while the elder woman read, the younger one knitted.

"Shall I go out and buy the Paris papers?" Maroc asked.

"Don't leave us alone," Princess Alexis said quickly; "send the guard."

Someone tapping on the glass door leading to the platform frightened her to the point of pallor. Maroc opened the door but a tiny crack.

They cried out with pleasure as Prince Alexis Ganodkin entered. "But I thought you had to be in Paris?" one cried. "You said you must attend the Commission?" the other questioned. He looked haggard, but evidently enjoyed their surprise. He had assumed a certain incongruous gaiety, a curious contrast to his usual calm. The glaring light fell on him, a man of average height but unusual bulk. His bold and honest eyes were shaded with black brows and lashes, but his hair was soft and fair as a blonde child's. His handsome mouth was marred by a thin moustache, almost white and typically Tartar. Everything about his dress expressed a man of Oriental prejudices and British pastimes. He was courteous, brave and clever.

"I thought you might worry about me," he explained, "when you read of

Borovotsky and Lemet. So the night before last, the younger Maroc flung my clothes in a valise and we took our places in the 'Paris to Petersburg' as far as Samost, where we knew we could catch you. We reached here at noon."

"We only get yesterday's papers here, we do not know about Lemet," the women cried together.

"Well," Alexis said doubtfully, "Lemet was struck in the back of the head at the house of Folle-Fanchette, the danseuse in his opera, you see."

"But the sign," Maroc demanded; "did he see a sign?"

Alexis looked at his wife. "I told her about, it, *apropos* of Borovotsky," his mother said calmly.

"Oh!" Alexis threw aside his gaiety and grew circumstantial and grave. "Lemet heard someone whistling Racotzky under the window. You see he has our association with the tune. He went to the window and saw a cross of black shadow in the street. Two cabs caused it by standing under street lamps. That ghastly coincidence is all he remembers. He is in our hotel, they brought him there, and the doctors say he will recover—probably.

"I think it is undoubtedly the Brothers again," the mother-title exclaimed sadly.

"I have a detective with me," Alexis continued; "Caron, the best in Paris, I hear. They think that as I am also a son of one of the three men who lost their lives in trying to break up Nihilism, I may be attacked. So this Caron goes about with me. Poor Lemet! Think, his first opera to be produced and he knocked up anonymously! The ballet-master is a Nihilist, and was arrested on suspicion, but he proved an alibi and was discharged. His work is invaluable to the opera. I'm delighted he isn't guilty."

The train had moved away as he spoke. Maroc's son and the detective

boarded the carriage, the guard turned the key.

"I have seen you before," the old lady said, as her eyes fell on Caron.

"No, Madame la Princesse." He uncovered and stood before her in the glare.

"You do not look French."

"I am so."

"I need your help in the care of my child," she said again, more graciously. Her cheeks were bright red, like autumn leaves. She read about Lemet in all the papers the guard could buy. She sent Caron to Maroc's saloon. "You have taken a dislike to him," Alexis whispered.

When the lights were turned down, they slept a little, and the train, shrieking now and then, still rushed southward, a glowing projectile, slung across the night.

III.

The Parisian Hotel Ganodkin had been newly decorated for Princess Alexis. Its long rooms were a mirrored maze, wherein splendid toilettes flashed through clouds of cigarette smoke. Caron wandered reflectively to and fro when the Prince and Princesses received, otherwise he merely shadowed "Alexis Prentorowitch" when he went out on errands of diplomacy, for the morning's ride, or for an hour on the "Cercle Cosmopolite." He had his room in their hotel, and played a fourth with them at their eternal "Bridge" game, if there were no one else on hand.

He showed an apathetic approval of his charge sometimes, and when the Princesses asked him questions, hoping to be reassured of the Prince's safety, he would never say more than "No attempt on his life will be made unless the sign is given. You look upon it as a warning to the victim to make his peace with God; it is also

an order to his executioner, who has been following him—perhaps for months.”

“But you are sure no one shadows him?”

“No one but me, Mesdames. Except in his own house, or in his carriage with you, or some other trusted persons, he is always within sight.”

“That man makes me feel secure,” the new Princess would say gladly.

Paris was agog over Lemet’s experience and the death of Borovotsky, and Paris resents sorrow in the spring season; the spring season is for flirtation, racing, bonnets, and cafés. Men would say to each other as they drove from the Ganodkin: “They are welcome to their vogue; if Ganodkin won the Grand Prize it wouldn’t cure him of looking for black crosses and listening for that unpronounceable death march.”

All the women visitors said sad things, too. But then no woman admits a young wife to be as happy as she seems, and, besides, they envied her the Ganodkin victoria, which experts called the smartest in Europe.

Early on Good Friday, when the draped churches were collecting their earliest worshippers, this equipage, containing the mother-title, drew up at the dingy residence of Mr. Rias, “directeur des officiers,” the omnipresent Rias of the Secret Police. Her tiny tiger rang his bell, and soon she sat opposite the great detective in the early morning light.

“I have written to you every day for eight days,” she said angrily, “and this is the first moment you appoint a meeting.”

“I did not know until yesterday that I had such a distinguished correspondent. Every morning I received a letter signed ‘Sophé.’ Not knowing her Excellency’s device—I confess it!—I thought myself in touch with a stocking person, if her Excellency permits it, a corset person.”

“Pig!” the Princess cried, violently, “if you’d known I was a Princess you would have attended to me? And the little dressmakers are not granted interviews with republican administrators? One does not need to visit theatres to see farces, sir! You are a farce!”

Rias was rarely in the wrong, but adjusting himself to novel circumstances, he apologized so gracefully that he was forgiven. The Princess then came to the point. I wish you to displace Caron, my son’s shadow,” she said simply.

“That is as if one asked Holland to remove its dykes!” he cried. “Why?”

“I distrust him. He joined us in my private carriage at Samost.” The Princess was like all good women, when about to relate anything. She always went a good way back in her story, that she might protract the pleasure of narration. “When he entered my carriage I said, ‘I have seen you before.’ I could not remember where. But in the middle of the night the face he resembled jumped to my mind, and it was the face of the agitator who founded the Brothers Implacable.”

Rias smiled scornfully. “Caron is at most thirty-six,” he returned patiently, “and if the criminal you mention were alive he would be over eighty.”

“That does not prevent a horrible likeness between these men,” she answered. “I have even seen an English servant who looked like Peter the Great.”

“Oh, her Excellency merely wishes to establish a likeness.”

“This likeness was in my mind,” she continued, “when I determined to look into Maroc’s saloon for another sight of this Caron. The door was open, so that we could call if anything were wanted in the night. We were in comparative darkness, but I thought I could see without being seen. Raising my-

self on my sofa, I looked through the open door to find your detective with a pocket electric lantern, 'type mignonne,' rifling a tin box of mine which I rarely lock. He was reading a list of my investments! I called Maroc, Caron came in his place. 'Your servant is sleeping,' he said. 'Is there a tin box in there?' I inquired. 'I will see,' he replied. He returned with it. I locked it for the first time for years—with its own key, which I carry with others on my key-ring. He was as calm as a May morning."

"Excellent, Excellency! very good indeed," Rias laughed. "To guard you, this man must know all! I could do nothing but praise him for such investigation. I think his zeal ill-timed, but yet, Excellency, it is laudable!"

The Princess interrupted him with a grand gesture. "I believe there are better detectives than this one," she said. "I think he is a Nihilist himself. Oh yes, Mr. Rias, I know them by sight, as you know a criminal of ordinary guilt, as a doctor knows measles. Send me his record in your department. I believe you will be unable to furnish his history except while he has served you. Nihilists have no pasts for publication. Good morning."

"That woman is a lunatic!" Rias exclaimed, when he had closed the door.

IV.

Caron's record arrived next day. M. Rias knew nothing of him prior to his service in the Secret Police. "He may have been an English clergyman, he may have been a king," Rias wrote.

The Princess was so angry she could not eat her breakfast. An American newspaper had offered a prize to anyone "discovering the murderer of an American millionaire, poisoned in Lucerne. M. Caron won that prize, and so cleverly, that it attracted Rias' attention. Caron at length joined his force, where

he had been distinguished. M. Rias had known him for six years. The Princess rang her bell.

"Where does M. Caron sleep?" she asked Marco, who answered it.

"In this house, in the room M. Lemet occupied before he was moved to his own apartment."

"You may go."

She consulted Rias' letter once more; he wrote that in removing Caron he felt he would be threatening the Prince's life. He virtually wrote that he would not remove him. Rising, the old woman sought Caron's room; she had seen him go out with her son, on foot.

The room was little lighted, its windows, opening on the service court, were close shuttered. Boxes, all locked, were ranged against the wall, a valise was unlocked, and the Princess found it packed. There was nothing in the drawers of his chiffonier, no toothbrush even in his dressing-rooms, and all his luggage was stamped "F. Brown, New York."

"He could leave at a moment's notice," the Princess said to herself; "it must be time to strike." She felt sure that Caron's was the hand. "Does a man who is subject to fits analyze his symptoms when they warn him of an attack? Not he! I am subject to Nihilists," she said, as she left the room, "and I know what to expect of this one."

She went into her son's room; the Princess Alexis was there, whiter than her *peignoir*; horror widened her eyes, she could not stand but sank weakly on a stiff chair beside a brazier.

"Where is Caron?" she asked the mother-tittle. "I have something for him."

The Princess snatched a little paper from the girl's cold hand. It was a diagram of the opera house, and against their box a Greek cross was marked in black ink.

"Is it not terrible?" Princess Alexis asked.

"Where did you find it?" the mother Princess demanded rapidly.

"In the hall. Lemet or no Lemet, Alexis must not go to the opera on Monday evening.

"No, he must not. But again, this is no warning."

Princess Alexis looked surprised. "It is the sign," she objected.

"They haven't played their silly tune yet," the old lady answered, "they behave like a church with their ritual. This paper belongs to Caron. I have discovered him. He is an Implacable. Oh yes, I tell you, I can prove it. He will miss this, its meaning is plain, he will want it again, oh! fearfully. He will miss it directly and return for it; it was for some accomplice, no doubt. He will abandon the plan of which it was a part, but he will leave Alexis unprotected anywhere, to come and search for this. If you love Alexis, tell Caron nothing!"

The Princess Alexis looked at the old woman with frank disbelief. "But he is a detective, the sworn foe of secret clubs? Do not be unjust to him, our one safeguard. Besides, he is so meek, these truculent butchers are different, you yourself called them truculent."

"I called them so?" the mother-title cried, laughing in her intrepid fashion; there was a general dauntlessness about her which grew at each moment. "Perhaps I did call them so. I just call them what I please, when I feel like it. Come."

She drew the younger woman toward the corridors. "Did he call for Alexis, or did they meet at the main door?"

"He called for Alexis here, in his room."

The Princess threw the diagram down on the red carpet of the corridor; the pink azaleas threw their glow upon the white paper until it was rosy. "Tinged with blood," the old lady whispered ex-

ultingly, as if that chance color were a proof of Caron's intent.

Princess Alexis thought her crazy; perhaps this awful strain— She caught the mother-title's hand and kissed it, convinced that anxiety had unhinged a noble mind. Ten minutes passed, the two women hid in the Prince's room, looking out on the sunlit corridor. Presently steps were heard on the stairway, a quick voice questioned one of the lackeys, and then the steps came on. Caron turned into the corridor, his face was white, anxious; he looked from right to left, left to right, but still walked without loitering. He stopped, picked up the diagram, and moved on towards his room. There was an air of relief in his back, his shoulders seemed straighter.

"Now, don't faint," the Princess Ganodkin said hurriedly, "but get me a pair of socks, a pair of pumps, a shirt, cravat, evening clothes, everything belonging to Alexis. Bring them, dearest child, to my boudoir, and tell Alexis nothing. Tell Caron nothing. Maroc knows all and agrees with me."

"I don't believe Caron is a Nihilist!" the girl said tearfully:

"Well, you will," the old lady answered good-naturedly. "Get what I said, and be quick, dear."

She moved towards her boudoir, stopping suddenly to laugh with real mirth. "That pig Rias! What an idiot it is!" she said grimly.

V.

When the Princess Alexis brought a portion of her husband's wardrobe to his mother's boudoir, she felt convinced of the madness of that elderly potentate. For herself, she feared to give Caron her confidence, much more Alexis; but to give her husband's clothes to the keeping of the mother-title seemed a harmless idiom. Her slim arms were draped with sable

pantaloon, she carried an opera hat crushed convulsively against her side, and on entering the room, the Princess Ganodkin was visible at the centre table, her Greek testament open before her, a cigarette between lips that twitched with deep emotion. She knitted quietly enough at an afghan, pretending to be at ease.

"I hate everything sensational so!" she exclaimed, "I must relax like this or die of excitement. Thank you, little clothes horse," she added, nodding towards her son's garments; "throw them on the divan."

"Will you tell me what you're going to do with them?" Princess Alexis inquired anxiously.

"Watch Maroc, that will tell you better than I can; he will be here presently."

When Maroc came he brought a stranger with him, a short, fat man, with whom the mother-title spoke Dutch. The Princess Alexis, not understanding even the language, stood silent in despairing wonderment.

They went into the dressing-room, where the stout stranger moved about in a business-like way, unwrapping a box of paints, and putting strange little trowels and dull knives with flexible blades into a neat row on the wash-handstand. A high press, carved upon the whole of its available surface, six feet in height at the least, and with double doors, spoke loudly of Russia from the midst of modern French furnishing. The stranger fitted a key to this press and opened its doors.

"This was my idea," the Princess Ganodkin said complacently.

Maroc rushed to the window. "Caron has just gone out again," he said.

The Princess Alexis did not feel she was dreaming. What passed before her eyes seemed even more remote than that. She felt that she watched another's dream, as the two men lifted a

sheeted tailor's dummy from the press, standing it in the middle of the room. No wig was on its head as yet, and a great hole above the neck gaped brainless to the ceiling. The little man produced a wig from under his coat tails; it capped the likeness suddenly.

"Perfect, Excellency!" Maroc cried.

"Admirable!" her Excellency grunted.

"What a mockery," the Princess Alexis said, covering her eyes with her hand.

Princess Ganodkin smiled her wonderfully becoming smile, but said nothing.

"In this case," Maroc said, as though he were instructing in an university, "In this case the blow cannot be dealt Alexis Prentorowitch in his own house. Two of the lackeys are detectives, so the order to strike must also be given out of doors. This Society of Implacables signs its infamies to intimidate. Intimidation is the pet weapon of Nihilism."

"He talks like a shilling shocker," the Princess Ganodkin said in English.

"Also," Maroc continued, "the blow cannot be dealt while they are in the *coupé* together, for I am always on the box. I would not let him escape alive. These rascals are few, and do not risk their lives as once they did, lest they die out. They will attack Alexis Prentorowitch when he is with his—"

"You talk too much," the mother-title said sternly. Maroc had spoken Russian that the Dutchman might not understand. He forgot the new Princess, white and absorbed beside him.

"We are going for a drive now," the elder woman continued quietly, and when we come in I hope to hear that the dummy is dressed and hidden in the stable. When the *coupé* calls to take me to M. Lemet's opera, see that the dummy is in the left corner. Be thou on the box, Maroc, and until Monday evening comes, I shall give no further orders, unless my plan is changed."

She put gold in the stranger's hand,

and the two women left the boudoir for a turn in the sunshine, amongst the other women who had left their troubles at home, to keep house by themselves.

VI.

The Princess Ganodkin had arrived at a definite conclusion that the time chosen to attack her son would be while he drove with her or with his wife. His sleeping hours were thrice guarded by his wife, and Maroc, and one of the detectives; four times guarded if one count Him Who neither slumbers nor sleeps. And the Ganodkins were devout, after the most perfervid fashion of the Greek communion. She was determined that he should not go to Lemet's opera, the crowds and darkness, the long tail of carriages creeping toward a blinding light, the confused cries, the ensemble of a first night, seemed perfect conditions for assassination without arrest.

Thirty years before, the murderer would not ask his own life, but avengers had grown scarce, even in Russia. She was sure Caron would try to escape, sure that he would turn on Alexis if he were alone with him. Each night she thought of it all in a dreary routine. Caron tasted his food which prevented poisoning; Caron opened letters and parcels, which foiled infernal machines; her own precaution against murder had demanded one untried confederate. She often wondered if the Dutch wax-worker would tell of his activity in the Hotel Ganodkin.

Easter Sunday was gay with flowers and visits; Lemet drove to mass and the papers rang with it. Ganodkin went also, as recorded in the society columns of four cities. It was also recorded that Lemet was forbidden to attend his first night by his physicians. Monday wore away in anxiety, the Princess Alexis was ill, from shock and fretting.

"Humor her," the doctors said.

"We never do anything else," they answered simply.

"Well, prince, in short, stay at home from this opera; the thought of that crowd being the cover of an assassin—"

"Dear child!" Prince Alexis said, looking enormously gratified. "Well, doctor, we shall see what can be done. Thank you for the hint. Good morning."

The mother drummed on the table when the doctor left them.

"Friendship demands that you go to Lemet's opera. Don't tell even Caron that you won't go. You know these newspapers. Suppose they imputed cowardice to us, and said you feared the crowd. Just send Caron on ahead and tell him to meet us without fail on the steps of the house, not even in the foyer, but as we alight. Then change your mind at the last moment, so no one will know, and your wife's sudden illness can be your plea."

"That is best," Alexis agreed. "Newspaper innuendo would be the last straw."

Within her own room the Princess Ganodkin was feeble and unnerved. With her family and servants she was pale and vague, but perfectly serene. Her own fear was that Alexis would tell Caron his plan.

About six on the afternoon of Monday the drawing-rooms were full of visitors, the Prince was playing piquet in an ante-room, a fresh voice sang elaborately, trilling in scales from the *salon de musique*. Caron moved to and fro, observing, unobserved, like a cat deciding the excellencies and drawbacks of its habitat. One of the lackeys entered the room with a black iron cross. A tiny tin box was added to its underside, and although it had no wrapper, a tag, typewritten, consigned it to Prince Alexis Ganodkin, in the French designation, without his fa-

ther's name attached. The mother-title snatched it, Caron had gone to look in at the card-room. A little lever put forth from the tiny tin box at the reverse of the cross, she pushed it and the strains of Racotzky tinkled in the room under cover of the trilling voice.

"A musical box," she said lightly, with white lips.

"My orders are to take everything to M. Caron," the lackey said, as the mother-title put the cross on a table. She gave him the thing gladly, glad also that the Princess Alexis had not been downstairs to see it arrive.

In another moment the Prince rushed to her, holding it in his hand. "Caron thinks it a joke," he said. "Don't worry. Some fool has been trying to frighten me."

"Do you think it a joke?" the Princess asked solemnly of Caron.

"Ye-es, a grim joke," he answered. "Is it your wish that we act on it? All possible precaution is taken, why be alarmed?"

"Put the thing out of sight!" the Prince said nervously, "and see that the news of it goes no further."

Maroc said it was the sign. "You know it is no joke," he said doggedly, crossing himself with terrorized prayers.

The Prince dined alone with his mother; her heart knocked at the jewelled opening of her corsage as if it would leap from her into the room. She put her cigarette between lips which framed prayers but rejected food. She had ordered a special guard to surround the opera-box. It was the drive she feared. The minutes wore on toward the one which was to witness her departure; the Prince went upstairs to his wife, first calling Caron who waited in the hall:

"You will go to the opera first. Wait for us at the steps. To be frank, Caron, I wish to see you the moment the *coupé* door is opened."

"You will, Excellency. *Au 'voir*."

The Princess Ganodkin watched Caron from the window upstairs. A lackey called his *fiacre*, he stepped into it and was gone. She rushed to his room. There was no baggage there but an old trunk, apparently overflowing with solled cravats, unlocked.

Maroc was behind her in his *redingote*, ready for the box of her *coupé*. "Yes, Excellency, his things were moved while you were at dinner. He had a new name painted on everything. It is time to go."

"Good-night, Alexis."

She paused at his door. He sat on the edge of his wife's lounge and waved his hand to her. "Do not come down, I have Maroc. Stay within doors," she said.

Presently she took her place in the *coupé*, beside the dummy.

VII.

"You are not bad," she said to the dummy, "lean forward, so."

He seemed very real in the darkness. The ribbon of Michael crossed his heartless shirt front. Maroc had put some other orders on him, which glittered if they passed a street lamp. Somehow the first shock of learning that the Implacables were at work again, returned to her. The account of Borovotsky in the *Figaro*, the slow-running Tiesen, her *vis-a-vis* in travel, the prospective widow of her only son, were sad items of retrospect. She put her hand protectingly on the dummy. "You won't feel anything, you know," she said kindly, "and you *do* help me so in the care of my child."

Her mind ran forward to meeting Madame Lemet in the opera-box. She must get ready details of a story of Alexis' absence; she leaned back in her corner inventing. Presently they took their place in the line; it was the largest line she could remember; she tried to reck-

on her distance from the door of the opera-house, her own door. She noticed that Maroc had left the box and was standing on the pavement. He opened the door. "I've seen him—across the street," he said, closing it again.

Then the other door opened, and Caron put in his head and shoulders. He said nothing, but struck the dummy in the chest, with a heavy, tearing noise. The Princess caught at him, but he slammed the door and was off. She screamed, Maroc wrenched his door wide and they looked at the dummy's wound—the ribbon of Michael was rent by a modern poniard, sharper than a razor.

"Give the alarm, let him think himself successful," the Princess commanded. They screamed together, "A doctor, a doctor!" "Murder!" Holding the dummy in her arms, she screened him from the crowd, Maroc kept people from the *coupé* by fierce demands of air for the victim.

Temple Bar.

Rias rushed from the Café Brillante. "Is this possible?" he cried in horror, tearing along the pavement.

"Come into the carriage and tell my men to drive us to the doctor's," the old woman said, serenely, at sight of him. "I was right about Caron."

* * * * *

The mother-tittle Ganodkin wakes at night with the memory of Caron's blow on the dummy's chest, and her horror of his dagger. She goes to sleep again laughing at M. Rias. She bet with him, the wager being that he would never learn a word of Caron before he joined the Secret Police or after he took French leave of it. The Brothers Implacable continue to despatch the obnoxious at long intervals, and after serving them with a sign. Her friends fear for the Princess Ganodkin, who says serenely, "Somehow, I feel that they will not molest us again." M. Rias is her valued friend.

Eleanor Stuart.

THROUGH MACEDONIA.

When I arrived at Sofia on August 28 last there was little to indicate that Bulgaria was in the throes of a great crisis, in which her very existence was involved. The Macedonian question was becoming every day more acute, and the Bulgarian people were most deeply affected by the sufferings of their kinsfolk across the border; but they gave no signs of hysterical excitement, nor did they indulge in any *fanfaronnade* as to what they intended to do. They were simply waiting, with that dogged self-restraint which is characteristic of this silent, unexpansive race, waiting in the vain hope that Europe would redeem her promises and come

to the assistance of the Macedonians. Next spring, if nothing is done in the meanwhile by the Powers, war between Bulgaria and Turkey will be very difficult to avoid.

To enter Macedonia from Bulgaria there are four routes; you may either go by rail *viâ* Constantinople and Salonica, or *viâ* Nis in Servia and Usküb, or by carriage *viâ* Dupnica and Dzumala, or Kjustendil and Kumanova. Throughout the summer and autumn of this year the two latter routes were closed, as it was in this neighborhood that the bands were trying to cross the border. The Nis route, too, was closed to travellers coming from Bulgaria, for

whom the Constantinople route alone remained open. As, however, C. and I had had our passports *viséd* in London direct for Salonica, we were able to go by Servia, the frontier authorities not knowing that we had been in Bulgaria at all. At that time there was hardly any traffic on the Turkish railways, and for several days the trains ran empty owing to the panic caused by the recent dynamite outrages. On arriving at Nis we found the town in a state of far greater excitement than Sofia; not on account of Macedonian affairs, but over King Peter's visit. There was little to detain us there, and at 10 P.M. we departed for the frontier. Only one other passenger was going to Macedonia that night, for there were wild rumors about that the insurgents had determined to blow up every train.

The hours of departure had been changed, so as to avoid passing through any part of Turkish territory after dark, when it would be impossible to protect the line effectively. All night long the train toiled slowly through Southern Servia, so slowly as to give one a foretaste of Turkish travelling, and at dawn we reached Ristovac, the last Servian station. A few minutes later we passed the invisible but very real line dividing Servia from Turkey; the exact point where the railway crosses the frontier is indicated by the two sentries—the Serb in his flat Russian cap and semi-Austrian uniform on the one side, and the short, swarthy, pock-marked Asiatic in his red fez and battered attire on the other. Both present arms as the train glides by, and the next moment we have left semi-civilization behind us, and are in the utter barbarism of Macedonia. Then comes Zibevce, the Turkish custom-house. The Ottoman *douane*, even in normal times, is a trying ordeal, but this year, when the Bulgarian insurgents were ever attempting to cross the

frontier, and the authorities feared that explosives might be introduced into the country, the officials are more than usually rigorous. Although our passports proved to be quite *en règle*, and no dynamite was found in our modest luggage, we were detained for nearly two hours. But our revolvers, alas, were taken from us, for it was considered that to bring arms into Turkey was to cast a reflection on the absolute security which, as everybody knows, prevails in the Sublime Ottoman dominions; we thus had to face the terrors of a Macedonian journey with no weapons more formidable than walking-sticks and umbrellas. As it turned out, however, these were quite sufficient for all purposes. For although the air is full of wars and rumors of wars there is still a certain respect for the sacred person of the European in the Near East.

As soon as the frontier was crossed it became fairly evident that the country was in a state of war. The station of Zibevce was crowded with ruffianly-looking soldiers and armed Albanians, as indeed were all the other stations in Turkey. All along the line sentries were posted every few hundred yards; every bridge and every tunnel was closely guarded by large or small detachments, encamped in little white tents standing out clear against the background of brown earth and purple distance. All these precautions seemed to be effective, at least so far as this journey was concerned, and we reached Usküb in safety.

Owing to its position at the junction of several valleys and roads this town has always been a place of great strategic importance, from the days when it was the capital of the great Servian Empire of Stephen Dusan down to the present time. During the heyday of the Ottoman power Usküb was a name of terror for all Christendom, for it was here that the Sultan or the Beglerbeg

of Rumelia¹ gathered the Turkish armies when contemplating a fresh raid into Europe. To-day when the Turks can no longer threaten the West directly they still manage to keep it in a turmoil of agitation, and still Usküb continues to be one of the storm centres. It is situated on both banks of the Vardar, which is crossed by several bridges, one of them very old and of a picturesque, typically Turkish, design. The view of the massive brown walls of Czar Dusan's citadel rising sheer up out of the sluggish river, crowned with the dazzling white Konak, the barracks, and other public buildings, and the opalescent outlines of the mighty Schar Dag in the background, form one of the most striking sights in this wondrous Balkan land. The streets are as dirty and ill-paved and the houses as sordid and dilapidated as those of any other Turkish town, but the varied and brilliant costumes give color to the scene. For Usküb is a meeting-point of many races, many creeds, and many political aspirations, and the various discordant elements which make up Macedonia are all represented here. There is an important nucleus of Osmanli Turks, settled from the early days of the conquest, and strengthened of late owing to the tendency of the Mohammedans to congregate in the towns; there are ferocious-looking Albanians of various tribes in their white head-cloths or skull-caps and white flannel trousers picked out with black braid, stolid, expressionless Bulgarians, excitable Serbs, a few Kutzo-Vlachs and Greeks, and here and there a negro, such as you find in every Turkish town. At the time of my visit the most conspicuous part of the population were the soldiers; soldiers were everywhere, the barracks were full to overcrowding, in every open space tents were pitched, and all night long the

tramp of infantry and the clatter of cavalry patrols continued. The day we arrived the town had a festive appearance, for it was the anniversary of the Sultan's Accession. But the occasion caused some uneasiness, and the authorities had taken extra precautions, for it was whispered that the insurgents intended to celebrate the event by throwing a few bombs about, and that the Mohammedans would retaliate by a general massacre of the Christians. At night the streets were illuminated, but hardly any one dared go out; there were wild rumors that three insurgents had visited a house near the station and deposited some bombs, timed to explode at a certain hour—no one knew which! But everything passed off quietly, and nothing exciting happened.

The Kossovo Vilayet, of which Usküb is the capital, has been the scene of two revolutionary agitations this year. In the northern districts there is the eternal feud between the Albanians and the Serbs, while the southern part of the province comes into the sphere of the Bulgaro-Macedonian movement. Usküb has been well described as a prolongation of Servia, Bulgaria, and Albania, and Serbs, Bulgarians, and Albanians all claim it for their own. But the centre of the area of the Serbo-Albanian dispute is Mitrovica, about five hours north of Usküb, and in the heart of Old Servia. The route thither passes through the wide and beautiful plain of Kossovo, a name fatal in the annals of the Southern Slaves, for it was here that in 1389 the flower of their chivalry met the hordes of Sultan Murad, and sustained a crushing defeat, which broke the power of Servia for ever, and opened the way for the Turkish conquest of the Balkans. Mitrovica is an extremely picturesque and primitive Oriental township inhabited by a mixed population of Albanians and Serbs. All the country round has for

¹ Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Armies in Europe.

years past been in a constant state of anarchy, and the Albanians, with the connivance of the Turkish authorities, have been pillaging, murdering, and driving out the Serbs, so that large districts which were once wholly Servian have now become quite Albanian. These disorders culminated last spring, when the first Austro-Russian reform scheme threatened the Albanians' vested right to plunder their neighbors, and they broke out in open revolt. The Ottoman Government became thoroughly alarmed, fearing that Austria or Russia might use the disturbance as an excuse for armed intervention, and at last set itself to the task of subduing the lawless mountaineers. A large number of troops were sent up, and after some severe fighting the rebels were defeated for the time being, so that during the past summer Old Servia was quieter than it had ever been before. But at the time of our visit the new Russian Consul, M. Maschkoff, who succeeded the unfortunate M. Stcherbina, murdered by an Albanian soldier, was convinced that the troubles would break out again as soon as the extra troops were recalled. His house, indeed, was like a small fortress; besides the usual Consular guard of Turkish troops there were half a dozen cavasses armed to the teeth (one of them a Cossack in a marvellous sheepskin headdress) about the premises, and eight rifles with fixed bayonets were stacked in the hall. These precautions proved to be by no means unnecessary, and when a few weeks later the garrison of Mitrovica was reduced, the Albanians broke out in revolt once more, wounded a number of the newly appointed Servian Christian gendarmes, and besieged them in the Russian Consul's house. The outrages on the Serbs are now going on as merrily as ever, and the authorities are unable or unwilling to stop them.

This Albanian problem forms one of

the most difficult points of the Macedonian question, and unless carefully handled will lead to endless trouble in the future. If any scheme of reforms is to be effective, it must begin by endeavoring, as far as possible, to separate the purely Albanian districts from those occupied by other races, whether Greeks or Slaves. A régime suitable to the latter would be utterly inapplicable to the former. The Turkish Government has always made use of the Albanians to persecute the Christian races, so that to place these tribesmen together and on an equal footing with those whom they formerly plundered would be to court rebellion. They are by no means devoid of good qualities, but they have been purposely kept ignorant and barbarous. They are brave, intelligent, and straightforward; when out of their own country and away from their tribal feuds they show great ability, and supply Turkey with some of its best officials and generals. The European embassies and consulates in the East usually have Albanians as cavasses, because of their absolute trustworthiness. But under the peculiar conditions of their own country they are utter barbarians, and have not produced a single great man, save Skanderbeg and Ali Pasha of Tepelen.

From Mitrovica we returned to Usküb, and thence on to Salonica. South of Usküb we soon get into an almost purely Bulgarian country, and we realize how strongly predominant the Bulgarian element is in Central Macedonia. Already at Kyöprülü,² a picturesque little town on the Vardar, more than half the population are Bulgarians, and in the country round almost all of it. This region was one of the chief areas of the rebellion, and the military precautions along the line were doubled. But the panic of the previous week was over, and the train was quite crowded; many of the passengers were Salonica

² Called Veles by the Greeks.

Jews who had been waiting in Vienna and elsewhere, until they could return home in safety. The talk is all of the insurrection, and all these worthies wax indignant over the iniquities of the "brigands," as they call the Bulgarian insurgents, who have brought the trade of Salonica almost to a standstill, while expatiating on the excellence of the Turkish soldiers and on the virtues of the Sublime Ottoman Government. Suddenly there is an excitement, and every head is craned out of the windows; puffs of smoke appear on the hillside, and anxious inquiries are made. At a wayside station the train pulls up, and a party of soldiers is seen approaching; they are looking for something—*komittadjis* probably. As yet they have caught one prisoner. Then we learn that there has been a fight near the neighboring village of Amatovo. An hour later we reach Salonica. At Salonica the atmosphere is wholly different from that of the rest of Macedonia. The town is of great beauty, and has much to attract the traveller, even if he is not searching for political, ethnical, or religious problems. From the bright sunlit quays along the shores of the blue *Ægean* we see in the far distance the hazy outlines of the mountains of Chalcidice and Thessaly, and on very clear days even the mighty Olympus. Here and there, amid shady courts, we come upon wonderful Byzantine churches adorned with rich marbles and brilliant mosaics. Most of them have now been converted into mosques, but the mullahs are quite willing to act as *ciceroni* to *gliaours* for a consideration. In the former church of St. Demetrius the Christians are even allowed to hold religious festivals, and to worship the shrine of the saint on certain days. When strangers visit the building, the mullah does the honors; a Mohammedan priest reciting in Turkish the story of the miracles of a Christian saint, his words being translated by a Hebrew

dragoman into French, constitutes one of the strangest medleys of religions and languages to be found even in this confused land! Salonica has also a magnificent circuit of Byzantine walls, second only to those of Constantinople in extent, somewhat like them in construction, and in certain ways finer, for they are built on a steep hill-side, and plunge down to the sea from a great height. During the past summer and autumn Salonica was perhaps the only place in Macedonia where absolute security prevailed. After a wild panic caused by the dynamite explosions of April 29, when the Turks began to murder the Bulgarians and a general massacre was feared, the disorders were stayed owing to the efforts of the one really honest and respectable high Turkish functionary in European Turkey—Hassan Fehmi Pasha, Vall of Salonica. The population of the town is, as usual, very mixed, and here the Jews are in a large majority. It is, in fact, one of the very few towns in Europe where such a majority is to be found. In the West we usually associate the Jews with business, shop-keeping, the liberal professions, and the arts. But at Salonica we find Jewish boatmen, porters, and artisans of all kinds. Their language is a curious Spanish dialect, for they are mostly descendants of the Jews expelled from Spain at the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; but of course they speak other tongues as well, for who is not polyglot in this part of the world?

From Salonica we proceeded to Monastir, the centre of the Bulgarian insurrectionary movement, and politically the most interesting spot in Macedonia. The scenery along the route has many and varied attractions. The railway first crosses the wide marshy delta of the Vardar, passing by several places of historic fame, such as Pella, Alexander the Great's capital, and Beroea (Verria), where St. Paul preached. The

swampy foreground of reeds and water, the pale lilac tints of the distant hills, and here and there dark masses of trees, remind one not a little of the country about the mouth of the Arno, while some of the hill towns, such as Vodena—a fascinating cluster of Turkish houses in the midst of refreshing greenery and cool cascades—are not unlike some of those of the Roman Campagna. The train painfully ascends into a wild mountain region of narrow defiles and deep chasms; then come deep blue lakes and pleasant vineyards. At every station the third-class passengers—almost the only ones in the train, for the line has a bad name this year—tumble out of their cars and make a rush for the fountain to refill their earthenware jugs, and buy fruit from the hawkers who have come up from the nearest village with their delicious wares. Not even in Italy do you get such exquisite grapes and figs so cheap. To judge from the singing and boisterous laughter of these Macedonian peasants one would never imagine oneself in a country ablaze with rebellion and red with massacre. And yet as we approach we can discern columns of black smoke on many of the hills, for forest, crops, and hamlets, all are burning. Here too, there are soldiers everywhere, more soldiers, and yet more. Every inch of the railway is guarded by them, and they are swarming all over the country. Some are in the train, having been sent to strengthen the garrison of Monastir. They are gathered from all the corners of the Empire—Osmanlis from the interior of Asia Minor, wild Albanians, *Ilavehs*,³ who are little better than undisciplined bashi-buzuks in uniform, fair-haired Mohammedans of Slavonic stock, whose ancestors may have fought and died at Kosovo on the Christian side, and who are now the fiercest persecutors of their Christian kinsfolk. They are of all

³ Second reserves, who are levied locally.

ages, and among them one notices men of forty or even fifty years, for the *Mustafuz*, or last reserve, have been called out, showing how serious the military situation was at the time. Had the strategy of the insurgents been equal to their bravery the result might have been very different. The men, as usual, are in tattered uniforms and broken boots or sandals, their bodies encircled in coils of cartridges glistening brightly in the September sun; the officers are more smartly attired, and swagger about the platforms with their silver-handled riding-whips. All these men are collected here in this devoted vilayet at the summons of the Commander of the Faithful, to carry out the work of devastation, murder, and outrage.

At last the train emerges from the valley into the wide plain of Pelagonia, and we reach Monastir. The town is of no great beauty, like Salonica or Usküb, it is built partly in the plain and partly on the side of a hill, and is traversed by the Dragora and another stream, both nearly dry at this time of the year, full of filth, and smelling horribly. The bazar and the medley of rich and varied costumes are most picturesque features of Monastir. The usual dogs lie about by day in the streets for you to tumble over, and keep you awake with their howling and barking by night. There are many houses in the European style, but they are all more or less dilapidated and unlovely.

In normal times Monastir is a busy centre of trade, and on market days representatives of every race in European Turkey may be seen gathered here. But now business is practically suspended, and no man knows what the next day may bring forth. When I was there the market was again beginning to be a little more active, but most of the roads were still closed to traffic, and along the one to

Ochrida corpses were lying unburied by the wayside.

There are many races and many parties at Monastir. The Greeks claim that it is a Greek town, but of genuine Hellenes there are very few—not more than a dozen families. But there are a large number of Vlachs, who belong to the Patriarchist Church, and are therefore dubbed Greeks, although now some of them are being weaned away from the Greek party by the Roumanian propaganda. This movement is chiefly due to the initiative of the late Apostolo Margariti, inspector of the Roumanian schools, who at one time was quite a power at Monastir, and enjoyed the favor of the Turkish Government. The Bulgarians are very numerous, but less conspicuous, as they live apart in their own "mahalleh." In the neighboring country they are the predominant element, as indeed throughout Central Macedonia. Some of them belong to the Patriarchist Church, and are described as "Bulgarophone Greeks," but they are Bulgars none the less. South of Monastir one comes into a more Greek country, and some towns, like Kastoria, are almost wholly Greek; but even there the Bulgarian villages redress the balance. There is no doubt that these Bulgarians are the steadiest and most reliable of all the Macedonian peoples, and the most hard-working. Their propaganda is extremely active, and has made astonishing progress of late years. They are not brilliant nor very attractive, but they have political insight and great strength of character. All the races of Macedonia are discontented with Turkish rule, but the Bulgarians alone have had the courage to rise, and they have held their own single-handed for many months in the face not only of vast Turkish armies, but of hostile Greeks and more or less unfriendly Serbs and Vlachs. One of the reasons that has made Western Europe so apathetic

with regard to the Macedonian question is the prevailing idea that all the inhabitants of the Balkan lands belong to the category of "Levantine Christians." The type from which this idea is derived is the mongrel trader or loafer of the Mediterranean ports, who is certainly an undesirable person, and it is supposed that all the other Christians are like him, the Turk being the only "gentleman" of the lot. And yet one can hardly conceive of a greater difference than that between the sober, silent, hard-working Bulgarian and the loquacious, clever, but frivolous Hellenes who prates of the "Grand Idea" and the revived Greek Empire, in the streets and cafés. If people in England and elsewhere would only realize how different the Bulgarians are they would understand the Macedonian question a great deal better.

The Mohammedans form the most turbulent element in the town; some of them, especially the Turks and the Pomaks (Mohammedan Bulgarians), are very fanatical, while the Albanians think more of plunder than of the Prophet. It is not likely that they would be ready to indulge in massacre were it not for the mullahs who from time to time come to stir them up from Stambul, and for the attitude of the authorities. With regard to the mullahs, a Lazarist missionary told me that one of them had come to him with a local mullah of Monastir to see the mission. Thinking that the Lazarist did not understand Turkish, the Stambuli fanatic, after asking a few questions, turned to his colleague, and said: "We shall kill this dog and plunder all these things when the time comes." The other, however, knew that the monk was a Turkish scholar, and replied: "No, no, he is a good man, and must not be harmed."

It is hardly necessary to say that Monastir was full of soldiers, and patrolled day and night. After sunset

the streets were deserted save for a few people returning to their homes from some eating house. Every one was supposed to carry a lantern; otherwise the sentries stopped you, crying out "Dur!" (halt), but they could not arrest a European even if unprovided with a lantern. The town was in a state of siege, and every public building, every consulate, ecclesiastical residence, and mission was guarded by troops. But these guards did not make the inmates of the houses in question feel by any means more comfortable; in fact, one of the consuls told me that when, after M. Rostkovski's murder by a gendarme, the guards at the consulates were doubled, he himself felt far less easy than before, and would have gladly dispensed with this doubtful protection altogether. The soldiers, with their utter want of discipline, constitute a serious danger for every one, and it was generally thought that if a rising of Mohammedans were to take place, the troops would join the fanatical mob. The position of the consuls at Monastir was not unlike that of the Peking Legations in 1900, but for the fact that the latter had European soldiers to protect them. The following anecdote is characteristic of the chaotic state of the Turkish army. The servant of one of the Christian missions in Monastir one day found the sentry guarding the mission-house in tears. On questioning the man he learnt that he had been forgotten by his superiors and left on duty for forty-eight hours, unrelieved and without food! Some of the Albanian regiments got so completely out of hand that the consular body insisted on their being kept in the barracks. But it was not only their want of discipline that is responsible for their atrocities. They know quite well how to obey their officers, especially when the orders issued from the highest quarters are to pillage and murder.

The Christian population, and especially the Bulgarians, were therefore living under a reign of terror all through the autumn. The Bulgarians no longer dared to come to the foreign consuls, as they used to do before, to tell their tales of murder and outrage to the only persons from whom they could hope for sympathy and protection. Since the war of extermination broke out, for a Bulgarian to be seen entering the house of a "Consolos Bey," meant imprisonment, the bastinado, or worse. A Bulgarian was stabbed in the bazar while I was at Monastir, because he refused to sell his grain to a Turk at an absurdly low price. The assassin of course, was not punished, nor was another Turk, whom I often saw loafing about the town, and who had murdered a number of Christians. The refugees from the burnt villages were not allowed to come into Monastir, and it was a long time before even the Sisters of Charity were permitted to go and collect a few of the wounded lying exposed on the mountain side. But owing to the representations of the consuls an exception was made in favor of the villagers of Smilevo and Gijavato, of whom about a hundred families were allowed to take refuge in Monastir. They were sheltered in the Bulgarian quarter and the Bulgarian school, huddled together on the floor of small rooms, almost without any furniture or belongings save what they could carry. In one class room I saw about two dozen; they formed a most picturesque group in their red and white and yellow costumes, but a pitiful sight all the same. On the walls were a map of the Holy Land, a large clock, and a portrait of the author of all their woes, Abdul Hamid II. When I questioned them as to their experiences, they told their tales simply and unaffectedly—plain, unvarnished stories, all similar, but terrible in their very monotony. A quiet village, sounds of firing in the dis-

tance, enter the soldiers, the villagers fly, but are fired on as they try to get away, all who remain behind murdered, many women outraged, every house plundered, then smeared with paraffin, and set on fire. In some cases there had been fighting between the soldiers and an insurgent band in the village, but in most instances the destruction was utterly wanton, and no *komittadjis* were about. Many of the burnt villages, indeed, were Greek or Vlach, and therefore hostile to the rebels. In the Greek hospital at Monastir, there were about twenty men, women, and children, all of them Patriarchists, wounded in the most horrible way by Turkish soldiers or *baski-buzuks*.

And yet in spite of being in constant fear of their lives the Bulgarians were by no means cowed. The soldiers might burn down villages and murder peaceful villagers, but the *komittadjis* proved more difficult customers. In many an encounter the troops lost heavily, and more than one regiment refused to face the dynamite bombs of the enemy. In Monastir itself no Turk dared enter the Bulgarian quarter alone, and even when searches for arms were instituted, they were carried out in a gingerly and ineffectual fashion, for every one was convinced that there were stores of arms and bombs in many houses, and even the troops were afraid. The roads, mountains, and forests close to the town were said to shelter numbers of insurgents, and every day news of further fighting was received. One night twenty arabs full of wounded soldiers were seen driving in, and the military hospital was crowded.

The chief solicitude of the authorities was to prevent foreigners from learning the true state of affairs, and no European was allowed to go outside the town save for a short distance—not even the Swedish officers who were reorganizing the gendarmerie! But

nevertheless everything came out sooner or later. The insurgents always found means of communicating with the consuls, and every Sunday a weekly bulletin of operations and atrocities was slipped in under their doors. Some correspondents and others have accused the Bulgarians of being liars, declaring that their statements were no more to be trusted than those of the Turkish authorities; but one of the consuls who had been taking especial pains to check the information supplied by the *komittadjis* from other less suspect sources, told me that the bulletins were almost invariably accurate, although occasionally they understated the numbers of villages burnt and of villagers murdered.

After having visited the hospital and heard the tales of the refugees and of the consuls, it was quite refreshing to interview the Turkish authorities on the situation. The Government buildings, where these exalted persons are to be found, are on a wide esplanade overlooking the river—gaunt, dreary, barrack-like structures of wood and plaster, the doors guarded by soldiers, the rickety wooden stairs and corridors crowded with officials in ill-fitting frock-coats, aides-de-camp in military uniforms, peasants in variegated costumes, and a goodly sprinkling of gendarmes. We leave our umbrellas or sticks in a corner, and are admitted into the presence of the great man. His Excellency Hussein Hilmi Pasha, Inspector-General of Reforms, is a tall, thin, saw-toothed individual, with black hair and beard, a hooked nose, and a keen expression. He speaks good French and has a tincture of European culture. His first remarks to me were about the untrustworthiness of the French Press. "The *Matin*," he said, "has actually stated that the Dragora is flowing with

* One correspondent—an American—succeeded in getting to Krusevo, and since the end of October the prohibition has been to some extent relaxed.

blood. As you see for yourself, that is quite untrue." He then expatiated on the fact that tranquillity had been restored in the vilayet of Monastir. "We have 50,000 troops here, but things are now so quiet that half that number would be quite sufficient to keep order."

I felt inclined to add that if they were all withdrawn there might be some chance of peace. "We are now engaged in carrying out the reforms [he was alluding to the February scheme]. We have established special tribunals [the prisons were full of untried political prisoners]; we are spending large sums on roads [results not yet visible]; we are reorganizing the gendarmerie, but for some reason the Christians are not anxious to join it." "If the country is so secure, one may travel about in safety?" I asked. "You are free to go wherever you like." But I found afterwards that when I proposed to visit some of the burnt villages the permission granted in the evening was withdrawn in the morning. Nazir Pasha, the military governor, was of course the person to apply to for information on the atrocities committed by the troops. When questioned on that subject his invariable reply was: "The Turkish soldier has three duties. The first is to kill or capture the *komittadjis*. The second is to extinguish the fires caused by the fighting. The third is

to conduct the women and children to a place of safety."

Under these circumstances it seems extraordinary that Austria and Russia should be content to entrust their new scheme to Hilmi Pasha, the very man who so signally failed to carry out the first one. It is true he is assisted by foreign assessors this time, but what effect will this have save that of causing endless disputes between the two authorities?

With all its horrors and devastation this land is fair, and of great wealth. If Europe were to do its duty and secure decent government for the people, so that life and property would be safe, roads built, and taxation placed on an equitable and certain basis, the old feuds would soon lose much of their force, and the country would become prosperous. For the present that is all that is needed, but it can only be secured by means of an independent European governor, who shall neither be responsible to the Sultan, nor the tool of ambitious foreign Powers. Autonomy and peace guaranteed by effective European control is all that the Macedonians ask for. In the future there will be time to discuss the final settlement, whether the land is to be divided among the Balkan states, or to form a nucleus for that consummation so devoutly to be wished—the confederation of the Balkans.

The Monthly Review.

L. Villari.

"SET ON EDGE."

IV.

All-Good, All-True, His Reed of Destiny

Drew in the womb the earliest lines
of thee;
He set the Sun and Moon from East to
West

Speeding, and bent the blue arch o'er
the Sea.

—With Sa'di in the Garden.

The night was hot and still, and the
air close and heavy as Mir Akhbar
rushed through it, going whither he
knew not, but high up overhead a

strong wind was blowing, and vast masses of cloud were drifting hurriedly across the dim sky like shadowy *Garudas* of Eastern myth.

Mir Akhbar stumbled forward through the gloom, now throwing his arms aloft and uttering a passionate, inarticulate cry, now wringing his hands with the self-abandonment of the Oriental in hours of grief, again clenching them by his sides, and straining upward with agonized face, just as that other tortured man had done on the scaffold of Cawnpur. Taking no heed of where he set his feet, he tripped, and staggered onward, till at last, utterly exhausted, he dropped upon the warm earth within the ring of darkness cast by the overhanging branches of a big pipal tree. He did not throw himself prone upon his face, as a white man might have done, but sat huddled up in a squatting position, rigid and immovable, hour after hour, while the gongs in the cantonments told the slow passage of the night.

And here, alone and in darkness, the young Muhammadan fought the battle of his life. It is not easy for a Christian man to understand what the bare notion of such defilement as had been heaped upon Mir Abdullah means to a follower of the Prophet. Picture to yourself the most hideous sacrilege that you can conceive; add to it an outrage upon the purity of a woman; make the insult personal; then, and not till then, can you imagine some portion of what the tidings which the fakir had borne to him signified to Mir Akhbar. But there was more than that to goad and madden him, for did he not hold the conviction that the eternal damnation of his father's soul followed as a necessary consequence of that brutal punishment? The cry of his father, lost and in perpetual agony seemed to ring in Mir Akhbar's ears; the voice, that he had never heard in life, seemed to speak to him from beyond the grave,

bidding him do unflinchingly the duty that Allah had laid upon him. Opposing itself to this arose the thought of Philip Barry, the man who had risked his own life to save that of a mere trooper, and of the love which had been born within the latter from admiration and gratitude. But these thoughts came to Mir Akhbar now in the guise of a temptation, luring him from the awful duty imposed on him by Fate. He cared nothing for his own welfare, for his own salvation. Gladly would he have sacrificed both, if so he might have saved Barry from the doom that threatened him, but he was nought—only the wretched instrument designed to avenge his dead father, and so to grant to him some measure of the tardy justice that man in his cruelty had denied. The training and discipline of a lifetime were forgotten; the whole structure of his world had fallen crazily about his ears; he was thrown back suddenly upon elemental passions, the distorted code of honor that had ruled his forbears, upon the vindictive traditions of his race. It seemed to him that he was called upon to immolate himself for the father that he had never known; that a mighty sacrifice was demanded of him; that these things were written in the book of Fate, and that he was powerless to alter or amend.

Just before the reveille sounded, he rose up stiffly, and made his way back unobserved to his barrack-room. His vigil was over, the struggle ended. It remained for him now to act his part with craft and cunning, that most difficult part that a man can play of trying, while conscious of a radical change in his heart and soul, to appear in the eyes of others to be no whit different from what he has ever been.

V.

For the gods very subtly fashion
Madness with sadness upon earth;

Not knowing in any wise compassion,
Nor holding pity of any worth.
—*Atalanta in Calydon.*

In the cool crispness of the early morning, half a dozen young cavalry officers were strolling across the open space before the mess-house on their way to the parade-ground, the swords they carried under their arms glinting in the bright sunlight.

"By Jove it is good to be about again!" exclaimed Phillip Barry, as he snuffed the fresh air joyously. "It is just ripping. Oh, it's good, good, good to be alive!"

"You bet," said one of his companions. "It don't take an overpowering lot of brains, Barry, to find out that it is pretty bad to be a 'stiff 'un.'"

"I know what Barry means all the same," said another. "It's like getting home on leave after five years of the 'Shiny.' It is so awfully good because what has gone before has been so awfully bad, don't you know?"

"Oh, shut up Casey. We all know that you are due for a long skrim-shank next month, but you needn't rub it in. We aren't going home on leave, anyhow."

Casey laughed, then ran his hand through the crook of Barry's arm and pressed it affectionately. "I say, young 'un," he said. "You're a hell of a hero, you know. Mind you make ready your very best court curtsy, you'll want it sure when you get on parade. Now don't begin blushing already. By Jove, you fellows, look how pink he's getting!"

"Rot, I'm not," said Barry, very red in the face, and as the others laughed, he shook off the hand on his arm, and dealt its owner a sounding punch in the ribs.

"If I wasn't afraid of crumpling up that rotten leg of yours, I'd give you something to play with for that, young man," said Casey, laughingly. "Now then, stop skylarking. Steady the

Bufs! If we aren't careful we shall be late for parade, and the colonel will raise Cain."

They hurried on, and presently, turning an angle of a building, came in sight of the regiment, dismounted, and drawn up in double line. As they approached, the Subadar Major cried shrilly in Hindustani some excited sentences in which the name of Bari Sahib was alone distinguishable to the Europeans. Then the long line of brown faces was suddenly split in two by a gash of glistening white teeth, as the men, grinning through their black beards, yelled their applause in raucous native voices. Phillip Barry, supremely uncomfortable, was pushed forward by his brother officers, who joined in the cheering. He stood there as handsome a young Englishman as one might wish to see, glowing inwardly with the pleasure which the approval of his little world gave him, but sorely embarrassed by being involved in something so very like a scene. Shamefacedly he spoke a few words of thanks to the Subadar Major, and again the men roared frantically. Then the colonel, who had purposely kept himself hidden while these irregular things were happening, appeared suddenly and an end was put to the disorder. Mechanically the officers began to tell off their men.

Phillip Barry, limping ever so slightly, walked over to the spot where his troop was drawn up. The glow of pleasure was still upon his face, and his eyes were bright with excitement and emotion. "How the incident would have pleased the dear old dad!" he was thinking.

As he neared the ranks, Mir Akhbar stepped quietly forward. All eyes were fixed upon him. His action was quite against the regulations, but the circumstances were peculiar. Even the iron-handed colonel, men thought, would forgive lack of discipline in-

spired by a desire to pay a personal tribute to the man who had saved his life, since he could not be supposed to be satisfied by a simple share in the roar of approval in which all his fellows had joined. Philip smiled at him, half in amusement, half in embarrassment.

"Get back to your place, Mir Akhbar," he said.

But Mir Akhbar halted with his hand at the salute. For an instant he gazed with wild despairing eyes at the face of the young Englishman. Then, very quietly and deliberately, he raised his carbine, and shot him through the head.

Without a sound, save the clash and jingle of his accoutrements, Philip collapsed upon the ground in a limp heap. From every side men darted forward to seize the murderer, but Mir Akhbar, his grim duty done, stood rigidly to attention, and made no resistance when the angry excited troopers, handling him after the manner of their kind with brutal roughness, dragged him away to the cells.

"Mad, of course," said everybody, for did not Mir Akhbar owe his very life to the man whom he had killed, and neither then nor later could he be induced to furnish any explanation for the crime that he had committed. Madness of this type, however, is not a healthy thing to encourage in a native regiment, wherefore, when the preliminaries dear to the heart of modern British justice had been enacted, Mir Akhbar was hanged by the neck until he was dead.

To a little house, with its sweep of smooth lawn, and its clustering rose-bushes above the red lane, in the soft West Country, the tidings of that morning's work upon the parade ground in Northern India came to dim the sunshine and to bow a gray head in sorrow towards the grave. Here General Sir Rupert Barry, after a strenuous life of

action, had retired to spend the evening of his days in drowsy rest, while he lived again in the son who was the centre of all his hopes and dreams. Now, during a few dreary months, ere the shock of his trouble killed him, he sat, an old and feeble man, broken-hearted, and borne down with sorrow, fumbling ever with shaking fingers those letters bearing Indian post-marks which sought to comfort him by praise of his dead boy. Grief had bewilderled him, but he wondered dimly why God had seen fit to pluck that bright young life and leave his world so empty. He never thought to trace the calamity that had overwhelmed him to an act of his own, wrought five and twenty years before, in that hour when justice was not only blind, but drunken with passion, and pity had shrunk away fearful and ashamed.

One man only possessed the key of the enigma, and that man held his peace. The murder was a nine days' wonder, and the newspapers wrote acre-long screeds of rubbish concerning it, interspersed with hopelessly crude speculations upon the obscurity of Oriental motives, and the difficulties surrounding any attempt to comprehend the psychology of the Asiatic. But the secret, the true explanation, was hidden forever from official inquirers and from the public press, for, as the report of Mir Akhbar's carbine rang out, telling that the deed was done, a fakir, sitting alone in expectation, fumbled in his breast, and drew forth a foul string that had hung about his neck for a quarter of a century. There was a knot upon this cord, worn hard and round as a strung bean, and this, after much struggling, the fakir unravelled with his teeth. Then, casting the twine aside as a thing whose use was ended, he performed his ablutions with scrupulous care, and rising up with his face turned toward Mecca, burst forth into resonant praises of Allah, the Merciful and Compassionate God.

Hugh Clifford.

THE MODERN GERMAN NOVEL.

In the modern German novel we may see one result of the evolution of contemporary art, it is the product of an intermediate and transitory epoch in which are found past, present and future elements of poetry. I begin with two novels, which best go to prove this thesis, namely: "Loki," by Ludovicus Jacobowski (born 1868, died 1900), and "Christ's Face," by Max Kretzer (born 1854).

Jacobowski's work is a novel full of strength, depth and originality. Loki, born in the tribe of the Azas, is hated by them, because, according to an old prediction, he is to be the cause of their annihilation as well as that of Baldur, god of light; Loki is full of bitterness, hatred and satanic malice. He is bad, not because of his own will, but because of his surroundings; he was nourished with the foam of a mad wolf, and when he grew up, he did violent deeds. The gods perceived their mistake too late, but they could not change the awful fate which had been predicted. Loki kills Baldur and the mad crowd of peasants invades the kingdom of the sun. On the vacant throne Loki puts a dog, and commands the Azas to bow to him. Then a wonderful thing happens. A youth leads by the hand a woman; the brutal stroke of a spear has wounded his forehead and the wound has the shape of a cross. The youth looks intently at the dog, and the cowed beast crouches at his feet; he looks at the crowd and by the power of his glance forces it to retreat; then he leads the rest of the Azas, his way being lighted by a miraculous light. Loki is frightened, and cries: "He is Baldur's son! Baldur is not dead! Baldur is alive . . . he is eternal . . .

he is stronger than I am. Baldur is son of the sun! woe is me! . . ."

It is not necessary to say that Baldur reminds one of Christ, and that this mythological novel contains an important symbol. Loki represents the spirit of negation, of internal unrest, of wickedness fed by the world, and strengthened by the world, he is the spirit of destruction; Baldur represents light, health and bliss, harmony and good understanding. And the symbol becomes still more characteristic, because the author, although a Jew, introduces the cross as the sign of the victory of light over darkness, of sweet authority over wild madness, of order over anarchy.

Still more surprising is the leaning of Max Kretzer toward mysticism, for the author is the most realistic of all modern German writers; he is the German Zola, the representative of the most absolute realism, portraying especially the social relations of modern life. In his novels one may behold the new Berlin of bankers and manufacturers, of miserable workmen, of women wandering in the streets; Berlin, in which dwell wrong and licence, wretchedness and degradation. In such a picture, painted from observation, there is no room for dreams, illusions, symbols and visions. However, amid that crowd of children dying of hunger, drunken workmen, hypocritical clergy, women selling themselves, and the licentious rich, Christ appears. They see that quiet, majestic face, full of silent reproaches for some, of heart-felt commiseration for others; they see Christ in luxurious drawing-rooms, in dram shops, by day as well as when the lamps lighten the shame and crime. There is no other novel in

which materialism and symbolism can be found so closely intermingled as in this book.

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The purpose of this paper is not to give a detailed review of the German novel of to-day, but only to speak of certain changes which it displays. Therefore I pass by in silence the so-called *Unterhaltungs Literatur*, which prevails largely in the novel and which has little or nothing in common with art, even in the better work of such authors as Junghaus, Schublin, Boy-Kd, Helberg, Zobeltitz and Lindau. For other reasons I shall put aside Fred. Spielhagen (born 1820), the old representative of the German novel, formerly a remarkable realist, excellent narrator and keen observer. I shall not have room either for Paul Heyse (born 1830) who, being Goethe's grandson—not by blood but by spirit—preserved to old age an Olympian serenity of life, harmonious coloring and delightful sensuousness; for his art followed the road indicated by the great poet, far from other paths and secure from all those storms and disturbances which change the aspect of the world.

In 1898, Germany suffered a great loss in the person of Theodore Fontane, who represented a superior kind of realism, and to whom the modern German novel was very much indebted. As he was of French origin, his writings naturally possessed more equilibrium and measure than one usually finds in German writers; he also had a fine and keen *esprit*, never importuning, never displaying his wit, never running into pathos. For that reason his novels seemed cold to sentimental readers and frivolous to moralists. But the cultivated and unprejudiced reader admired his quiet experience and his deep knowledge of external life as well as of the depths of the human soul, qualities which

were mingled with a love of his native country, Brandenburg. But although dead, Fontane has not ceased to be the father of modern realism. All that is good, true, beautiful and important in the German realistic novel comes from Theodore Fontane. Naturalism and symbolism stand far apart from him; but even the most passionate and the most intelligent adversaries of symbolism point to him as a representative of true art.

Naturalism is represented in German novels but very feebly; the writers never worked according to its French and Russian canons. Zola's *L'Assommoir*, published in 1877, indeed aroused for a time a mad enthusiasm amongst the young men, and here and there some imitations of it were done; but the influence was neither strong nor lasting. I have already said that Max Kretzer was not entirely orthodox in his naturalism. As to the others, they obtained a momentary success, and introduced a general movement into literature, but they did not create any novel which could be considered as "the Song of songs" of naturalism. The reason may have been a lack of capacity to create any great or organically compacted whole, or it may have been that their spirit of enterprise and energy was greater than their perseverance and power of concentration. John Schlaf (born 1862) was a pioneer of naturalism in the German novel. His short stories roused astonishment by the exactness of their observation, the sharpness of their outline, the naturalness of their dialogue; but the very accentuation of their naturalism diminished their artistic value. In nature there is disorder, chaos, thoughtlessness; but art must concentrate, must combine fleeting characteristic moments into a higher *ensemble*. The same imitation of the chaos of real life we find in M. G. Conrad (born

1846); he also would put facts side by side with each other, without combining them into a unity; and that is the reason why these two writers must be looked upon rather as agitators of naturalism than as creators.

The other writers are stronger in composition, they have understood that art, even if it wishes to reflect reality, must be subject to certain technical conditions. Therefore, although less talented than the two above mentioned, they have produced works which are interesting not only to the historian of literature, but to the reader as well. I should like to lay stress on the name of Heinz Töwte (born 1861), for he belongs to that interesting class of men who are different from what they seem to be, or would like to be. In reading his novels, one sees almost an orgy of naturalism; the dirty scum of Berlin life, villainy and hideousness, a conglomeration of all kinds of disgusting characters, the noisome atmosphere of dram shops, and the impudent finery of fast women. But if one looks closer, one can see that all this is not the forced objectivity of a realist, not a fondness for digging into the moral and physical dunghill, but the nervous inclination of a romanticist who would like to be looked upon as a naturalist. In the volumes of short stories called "Warm Blood" and "Red Lanterns" one may observe a deliberate narrowness, bestowing on certain characters his sympathy, on others his hatred; but the general tone in his writings is that of a good nature, almost sentimental, which ennoble his hideousness and perversity.

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It is difficult to draw a boundary line between naturalism and realism. In theory, as well as in practice, these two ideas, although as opposite as two poles, are mixed and may be taken one for the other. But it is easy to

distinguish realism from that kind of literature which deliberately displays a flag of naturalism, and claims to be its guide. In the true realistic camp we find almost every German novelist who carries any weight either for the present or for the future. Close connection with the real world is only one of their characteristics; the other, not salient, but deeply rooted, is the notion of serving an idea, which makes a difference between dead naturalism and the newest art.

The chief representative of this kind of novel is George von Ompteda (born 1863). He introduces the reader into the world of the true epic in prose; he is Fontane's worthy successor and I must add that he is superior to him. Fontane on account of his French blood was sceptical, while von Ompteda has much sincere and hearty feeling. Himself a nobleman of an old stock, he gives in his novels—especially in "Sylvester Geyer" and "Eysen"—a most complete and important picture of the modern German nobility in its social and political life. And this life is represented with a great feeling of dignity, of superiority and of affection, but without pride and above all without flattery. His motto seems to be Goethe's sentence: "Acquire that which you inherited from your parents in order that you may possess it." The nobles have a right to preponderance, but only on condition that they fulfil faithfully their duty, and are aristocratic not only by birth but by social and political work. Such an idea might seem out-of-date or utopian; but no one can deny its right to exist, or its nobleness.

But here I am dealing with von Ompteda as an artist; and to show that he is an artist I shall briefly analyze his novel "Eysen," which I do not hesitate to call a masterpiece. In that novel the author describes the circumstances and character not of an

individual, but of a family which is an excellent representative of the whole of the modern German nobility. As in a great epic, one sees in that novel a large family, the members of which occupy various social grades; a family which seems to be shut up in itself, but is in touch with the modern world, and this contact is partly voluntary and partly obligatory. The connection between the single links of this story is the sentiment of the unity of the family, as well as of the race, and is manifested symbolically in periodical meetings. The author throws these people into the whirlpool of life, and tells us how they struggle and perish, how they perfect themselves and how they degenerate, how they come to pre-eminence and how they wither, how they grow stiff in their conservatism or become modernized. That which Zola proposed to accomplish in many volumes, has been done by the German author in two, and it has been done without any glaring display of external motives, and with greater dignity and nobleness. Let me add that von Ompteda has accomplished this task at the age of thirty-six; so that he has either reached the height of his creative powers, or else he is a genius.

The strength of the modern German novel lies in the wise habit of the authors of writing about the people with whom they are in close contact in actual life; only would-be authors write to-day about workmen, to-morrow about court drawing-rooms and then, with equal ignorance, about the past life of aristocratic Bohemians. The true poets create only within the limits of their own sensuous and ideal horizon. It is true that such a method has its drawbacks, but they are overcome by superior talent, and then the advantage is great, for novels written in this way possess inward truth and not only its superficial appearance;

they are true works of art. For this reason one might say that Hermann Suderman was born a novelist, and that only the desire for greater material as well as moral success has driven him to write for the stage. In his ablest and most famous novel, "Sorrow the Friend," he has united and harmonized realism with symbolism, a mode which suits him very well, for he writes mostly about the peasants of East Prussia, and it is well-known that the country people give an imaginary shape to their beliefs and superstitions. As in Kretzer's story Christ accompanies all the human actors, comforting some and upbraiding others, so in Suderman the spectre of sorrow follows man, and in that way the lot of a single person comes to take on a more general importance.

Among the first-class novelists of Germany there is a lady who has quite a masculine talent and already holds a high position, although five years since she was unknown. This is the more remarkable because, though Germany has a great number of women writers, they have not hitherto been thought of much account in literature, representing as they do either the emancipated, sharp and pretentious, or the sentimental and stupid type of woman. Clara Viebig is quite of a different class; without losing her womanhood, or dealing in theories of equal rights, she has by the mere strength of her talent won her way to the same rank as the most talented of the men. Like von Ompteda and Suderman she finds her subjects in the scenes which lie nearest to her. She was born and lived for a long time in the corner of land which lies between the Moselle, the Rhine and the Belgian frontier, at the foot of the Eifel mountains. When she married she came into the society of the literary circle of Berlin. The characters

of her novels are, therefore, taken either from the country or from Berlin. Her country novels, such as "The Eifel children," "Before the Morning Dew," and "The Village of Women," are very realistic, and the characters in them are fresh but sometimes brutal. "The Village of Women" is the last expression of her talent in that direction. In the community called Eifelschmitt, all the men capable of work go to factories, and return to the village only for a few days twice a year. Those few mad days, when the husbands and wives, the young men and girls, the parents and children are together, that riotous revel in which everybody tries to forget the coming separation, are rendered with rare skill. The hero of the novel is a man called Pittchen, who, although an able and industrious workman, becomes a criminal in order to satisfy his wife's propensity for luxury, and prevent her from selling herself to other men. There is no other modern German writer who could express with so great force, without prudishness on the one hand or indecency on the other, the mysterious and menacing power of the primitive human instincts. Madame Viebig's novels of Berlin literary life are less original and independent, and naturally written in a different style; they do not possess the bold lines and lively coloring of her rustic novels, for the literary world required a more delicate brush and more subdued coloring. The psychological depth, the dignity of truth, remain the same, and they are far from sensationalism. Her last novel, called "Daily Bread," introduces us into a world near to us materially, but remote from us morally; it seems to be the first attempt to treat of the soul of the domestic servant—for cooks and chambermaids have souls, although very few of us think of that important fact. "Daily Bread" might be called the modern

epic of servants, with the qualification that it is very sad.

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Novelists in Germany are very numerous which is natural enough considering the number, the material welfare, and the culture of the population; but I pass over in silence all the third rate authors; there is a legion of them. Those whom I mention I connect together only in virtue of the general change which is taking place in modern German literature, and which is common to all of them. If the strength of an author's talent is to decide his position in literature, then beside the well-known writers above named we must place Fr. Ferd. Heitmüller (born 1864). His two volumes of short stories: "Tampete" and "Treasure in the Heavens," have proved that he has remarkable realistic power, and also that he boldly and successfully extends his range beyond the limits of external observation. In his work one sees the human soul full of life, and the author handles its phenomena with peculiarly fond touch; notwithstanding that the orthodox naturalistic school laughs at them, calling them romantic nonsense. It is characteristic of most modern literature that it avoids any kind of evolution in the character of its heroes, and treats them as unchangeable from the outset; but Heitmüller has the courage to show that man changes in the very essence of his desires, wishes and ethical value, and the result is that his short stories are sincerely poetical pictures; a thing impossible under the rule of naturalism. The younger authors such as Heitmüller are still not sure of their aim, and so lack unity and harmony in their work; but among the older, more mature and quieter writers, the revolt from naturalism is more decided; the number of "converts" or "deserters" is great,

and if perhaps it is the novelty of a different mode which attracts them it would not be fair to put the change down merely to fashion, or the instinct of imitation. Feliks Holländer, for instance, is an honest convinced convert. He was once a pillar of naturalism, and as such gathered wreaths and . . . money. In his well-known and almost revolutionary novel "*Sturmwind im Westen*," he depicted with a daring hand the corruption of modern Berlin, and won great applause and fanatical admiration, as well as much protest and hatred. But a few years later he came over, and his last novel, called "*Last Bliss*," could only have been written after the influence of the naturalistic school was broken. In that book Holländer tells an ordinary love story, but it is drawn in a masterly way and is full of charming *Stimmung*. The photographic camera is used, but the medium through which the results of observation pass is not the analytic mind, as in a psychological novel, but the sensitive heart and feeling. The author has ceased to care for the illusions of objectivism, he prefers the subjective, and his creative power lies in bringing out from it the greatest amount of beauty and of poetry. Holländer's hero tells his story himself, and that old form, so much in favor with romantic writers, is spreading more and more in our days; it seems to suit modern subjective thought. Women writers especially are using it with success, they try to give to literature that which only a woman can give, viz., the woman, her heart and soul. After many ridiculous efforts after emancipation in life and in literature, the German woman is no longer a competitor of man, but a woman. And this is a returning wave, for a hundred years ago woman played a great part in German romanticism—she influenced art and literature without getting rid of the charms

of her sex. There is, however, a certain difference between the former time and the present, for while romanticism changed into an effort after emancipation, nowadays it is after a period of rivalry with the other sex that woman retreats into the depth of her own heart. There she must feel more at her ease; and literature gains by it, for perchance it will succeed in conquering a region into which man has hitherto not been able to penetrate.

The reputation of German women novelists is added to by Gabryela Reuter (born 1859), who has taken the new road with more determination than the other writers. A few years since she became very well known by her novel called "*From a Good Family: the History of the Suffering of a Maiden*," in which she brought a serious accusation against the organization of society. Since then her talent has ripened, not in seclusion, but in contact with the world, her novels have become deeper and she has drawn with a freer and more original hand, reproducing the phenomena of a woman's soul. One can see the road by which she has traveled in her last novel, "*Ellen von der Welden*," a book which might have appeared either to-day or a hundred years ago, so romantic is it both in its subject, its contents and its style. It is again in the form of "memoirs," the form loved of subjective poets; and again they are the memoirs of a woman with but very little of the masculine mind. But instead of microscopic investigations of female character, we have here a romantic strength of sentiment, a flight of imagination, a great longing for freedom, for absolute womanly individuality. The famous "*Lucynda*"—praised so much by some people, condemned unjustly by others—written by Frederick Schlegel, at that time the leader of the romanticists, is the

elder sister of "Ellen von der Weiden," with this difference that "Lucynda" was written by a man with a *penchant* for unhealthy erotics; the other by a woman who loves to dream like Novalis and Kleist. A realist would say that the principal heroine of the novel is impossible in modern times; that the fairy of the forest, living happily with nature, on the heights of sunlit mountains and amidst mysterious thickets, is fabulous. A moralist would be indignant when that fairy, having become the wife of a common Phillistine, is unfaithful to him without scruple or excuse. But the lover of realism will perhaps understand that the fairy is a mere poetical symbol of the multifarious inclinations of a woman fond of exaltation and dreaming; as for the moralist he must read the volume to the end and then he will change his opinion. The last pages of the book contain not only a true poetic symbol, but a deep ethical thought. Ellen von der Weiden, having been unfaithful to her husband, and driven away by him from home, returns with her child to her father's house. Here, living in contact with nature, she recovers physical and moral health; she does not do penance, but is conscious that she erred, and seeing her child always sad from its birth, as if in sorrow for its mother's fault, she comes to learn that there are limits to individualism, there are the laws of God. So when the painter comes for whose sake she has forgotten her duty as an honest wife, and he notices the great change wrought in her, he says: "I went out to find a lost enchantress and I found a saint." They part for ever and in that moment the boy, who has never smiled, begins to laugh in glee at a ray of the sun, piercing through a thicket of green foliage. "At last! My son! My only child! I believe again; I expect happiness again! A new life

knocks timidly at my door; shivering with joy I will open it."

It is a natural consequence of the change in the tone of the modern German novelists that it often wanders into oddity: they often make themselves ridiculous, seeking after originality by every means. Among them is Stanislaus Przybyszewski, a Pole (born 1868), who up to 1897 wrote exclusively in German, influenced much German modern literature, and had many followers and admirers. Of late, however, he has lost power, and his last book, called "Epipsychion," passed almost unnoticed. To-day Przybyszewski is remembered in Germany only as a very original and bold stylist, who brought back to the language its ancient force of sentiment and expression.

Peter Altenberg (born 1862) has had also a great influence on modern German writers. Very unhappy in life and very sensitive, wanting to found a new art, he betook himself to Huysmans, the well-known mystical-erotic French writer. In his novel "À Rebours," Huysmans had said something about a new form of novel concentrated into a few pages, every word of which was to open horizons so large, that the reader might dream for whole weeks, examining the present, rebuilding the past, forecasting the future of the souls of the characters; such a novel would be "a kind of mental communication between the writer and the ideal reader, a spiritual collaboration, agreed on among people scattered all over the world." For the first moment the bold originality of the idea is astonishing, but one soon perceives that it is really only an odd fancy, for such readers either do not exist at all, or if they exist, then they are creative minds, which without Huysman's stimulus can conceive the most masterly novels for themselves. That idea is still more oddly put in Altenberg's writings. It is of less importance that

the writer puts a golden hedge between himself and the world, that he knows only the feminine sex; as for men, there is only Peter Altenberg. It would be something if one could at least find some stronger sentiment, even as sickly as is Przybyszewski's; but unfortunately Altenberg does not know what a passion means—beautiful even in its excess—he knows nothing but flirtation, which will never do instead of sincere sentiment. And the odd, "concentrated" form increases the impression of a gliding over the surface of life. Altenberg's boastful motto: "Not to yourself and not to any one person should you give the good which you have found on hard roads; give it to all," shocks us. *Parturiunt montes.*

Altenberg at all events has a certain amount of talent, which one cannot say of other ultra-modernists. Unfortunately there is a great number of these writers, who imagine that they have as much imagination as Hoffman, or Edgar Allan Poe. Their unbridled fancy throws on the paper characters and situations created as if in fever, without connection, without the elementary logic which is binding even on symbolists. I am not going to dwell upon the oddities of these sickly writings; it will suffice to mention the name of the best known and certainly the oddest of the group, Paul Scheerbart, the head mandarin of Berlin fantacists.

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Looking over the great change which has come over the modern German novel, I must acknowledge that it is not possible either to grasp clearly its historical position, or to estimate its importance. The first task is difficult because the stream flows while we are looking at it; the second because of the personal aesthetic views of the critic. But while a subjective criticism of the modern literature of the country in which the critic lives is interesting and useful to the readers, and may possibly

even influence the writers, such a criticism of foreign literature, having no immediate influence on the soul of the reader, and not reaching the authors, would be merely a display. Therefore I conclude this paper, not by giving an opinion on this change in the minds of German writers, but by pointing out another change, the newest in German literature, and which is fighting energetically against both naturalism and symbolism. This new movement, as is always the case in Germany, has at its disposal a publisher of repute (H. G. Meyer, of Berlin), a special magazine, called *Heimat*, and energetic leaders. These are Rudolf Huch, whose polemical pamphlet "Mehr Goethe" was a well-known essay of about two years ago; and Fritz Lienhard, the author of a passionately discussed pamphlet against the "Absolutism of Berlin," and of some sketches called "New Ideals." In those three booklets are concentrated the views and tendencies of a strong opposition against the stream that has prevailed for the last ten years. The negative point of the programme is a fight against Nietzsche, against *übermenschen* and especially against *überweiben*, against the depressing pessimism of Ibsen and Tolstoy, who kill the desire for life, *Lebensfreude*, and raise myriads of doubts without indicating any way of escape from them; it is a fight against degenerate pathological literature, reproducing with cold-blooded cruelty, for the sake of a pseudo-aesthetic passion, the most disgusting filth and the most despairing misery of modern life, a fight against Berlin which devours all individuality and destroys all originality. Instead of all that, the "new ideals" mean the tendency to personal and national individuality, a return to wholesome thought, the healthy heart of Luther and Goethe, a desire for grand poetry, which raises man above the paltriness of every day life; poetry nourished at the bosom of

Mother Nature, free, lofty and joyful, poetry not sickly and decadent, but virile, sound and cheerful. Lienhard emphasizes with great strength of conviction the view that poetry is a superior force acting in us, that the expression applied to it "by the grace of God" is not a phrase but the truth, that God, fatherland and the poet's mighty personality are the sources of art. Lien-

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hard is entirely national, but not entirely German, for he recommends native art not to Germans alone but to all nations, and he contends vehemently against the modern cosmopolitan poetry, be it naturalistic or symbolic.

To-day that movement is yet weak, but who can tell whether it may not rule over the near future?

S. C. de Soissons.

THE VATICAN AND THE ABBE LOISY.

II. CRITICISM AND THEOLOGY.*

In one of his earliest writings M. Loisy laid down quite clearly his purpose in life. We quoted in our first article a passage in which he referred to the well-known opinion of Renan on the incompatibility of theology and criticism. No theologian could be a critic, because he always had presuppositions. M. Loisy replied that this opinion was entirely fallacious, but that the only way to prove it so was to become a critic. This he has done. He has asserted, quite clearly and undoubtedly, his claim to be a critic. No one can doubt his ability and his absolute sincerity in that capacity. What men of his own Church have doubted is his claim to be considered a theologian. On the two short books which we have placed at the head of this article he rests his title, not, indeed, to be considered a theologian, but to propound a criticism quite compatible with theology. We propose, therefore, in this article to examine these two books as embodying the system which he proposes for the acceptance of his Church.

But we may first say a few words

about the proposition of Renan's. If a man has sufficient sincerity of purpose, and sufficient robustness of faith, it is quite possible for him to be both a theologian and a critic. He may hold that the divine revelation in Jesus Christ is quite true, and also that the proper exercise of the reason, which is the gift of God, must be true. Neither can ultimately lead to what is false; and if the result that criticism attains is inconsistent with revelation, either the criticism is wrong (as often happens), or the revelation has been incorrectly understood (as again has often happened). Which of the two is the case can only be discovered by careful and free inquiry. Ultimately the adjustment will come, very often after many mistaken efforts. The thoughtful and candid thinker will feel that he has been perfectly free and sincere in his criticism; in fact, that it is his religious conviction of the value of the human reason, and also of the limitations of that same reason and its liability to err, which gives him some confidence of attaining a true conclusion if he exercises sufficient self-criticism. If it is said that he has presuppositions,

* "L'Evangile et L'Eglise." Par Alfred Loisy. Deuxieme Edition Augmentee. (Chez l'Auteur, 31, Boulevard Verd de Saint-Julien, Bellevue (S. et O.), 1903.)

"Autour d'un Petit Livre. Par Alfred Loisy. Deuxieme Edition. (Paris: Picard, 1903.)

he will reply that that is undoubtedly the case, and that he endeavors to correct them; but he will also reply that it is quite clear that Renan had his presuppositions too, and that he did not always try to correct them. For he assures us that one cannot write the history of a religion properly until one has ceased to believe in it. That is, he assumes its untruth, which is clearly just as much a presupposition as to assume its truth. Non-belief prejudices the mind, just as much as belief; is, in fact, only another form of belief.

"L'Evangile et l'Eglise" was written as a reply to "Das Wesen des Christentums" of Professor Harnack by a believing member of the Roman Catholic Church, who was also prepared to accept most of the results of criticism in the New Testament as well as the Old. He begins by a very trenchant examination of Harnack's method. Has it any claim really to be historical? Does Harnack's *essence* when he has arrived at it represent what he has found in Christianity, or is it a formula of modern Protestantism which he set out to look for and has, naturally, discovered?

If one wishes to find out historically what is the essence of Christianity, the rules of a sound criticism do not allow us to set out with the determination to consider as non-essential what appears at the present day uncertain or unacceptable. What is essential to the Gospel of Jesus is what holds the first place in His authentic teaching, the ideas for which He struggled and died, not merely what one believes still living to-day. In the same way, if one desires to define the essence of primitive Christianity, it is necessary to inquire what were dominant ideas in the minds of the first Christians, those in which lay their religious life. . . . To determine the essence of Islamism, one would not extract from the teaching of the Prophet and Mahomedan traditions what one thought true and fruitful, but what is of the greatest importance for

Mahomed and his followers in all that regards their beliefs, morality, and worship. If one took a different course, we should soon discover with a little good will that the essence of the Koran was the same as that of the Gospel—faith in a kind and merciful God. ("L'Evangile et l'Eglise," pp. xiv., xvi.)

M. Loisy's criticism is quite just. Professor Harnack makes a great parade of criticism, but he does not describe Christianity as it was but as he thinks it ought to have been. He has turned it into what Dr. Sanday calls "a professor's religion." It is really a reconstruction in accordance with preconceived ideas, as much as that of any evangelical divine or Jesuit professor. A second main criticism is that Professor Harnack looks upon true Christianity as a kernel hid in layer after layer of husk which has all to be pared away, until there is really nothing left, rather than as a seed which has grown into a great tree. And the tree which is developed from its seed is as much a part of the essence as the seed itself. Part of the essence of Christianity is a moral and healthy life.

Here we have the central idea of M. Loisy's theology. He constructs his system out of two things—a very fearless criticism, and Newman's doctrine of development. The development is as true a part of Christianity as the primitive germ; and as modern Romanism is the result of this development it must be part of the essence. He is much more rigorous as a critic than Harnack. The Gospel of St. Mark may be the source of St. Matthew and St. Luke, but that does not make it in any real sense an original document; it is equally composite with the other two. The Fourth Gospel is not and does not claim to be a history—it is purely symbolical and theological, its facts and discourses so far as they have any historical basis are derived from existing documents; the rest

comes from the author, who represents the Christian consciousness interpreting the meaning of its Founder's life. The narrative and teaching of the first three Gospels has in the same way been largely influenced by the Christian speculation on the meaning of the life of Christ. But—and here comes in the striking feature of M. Loisy's work—none of this takes away the value or the theological truth of these developments. They interpreted the historical Christ, but they interpreted Him truly:—

If the perspective is novel and differs from the impression that the teaching and the facts had produced on the immediate witnesses, it is none the less true after its manner. It is conformable to the ordinary rules of human life that the work, the genius, and the character of the greatest men can only be appreciated at a certain distance and when they have disappeared. The Christ, so far as He belongs to human history, has not escaped the common law. His grandeur has only been perceived after his death; and is it not true that it is better and better understood as the centuries roll on, that the present grows always better under the influence of the Gospel, and that the past becomes more and more luminous under the light of the experience gained by humanity as it grows old? Let us only add that this inevitable and legitimate idealization of the Christ, growing up in the Christian consciousness spontaneously and not as the result of careful observation and systematic thought, assumed, to a certain extent, as was natural, the form of legend; and that such is the appearance it presents at first sight to the critic, although it is only in reality an expansion of the faith and a means, still insufficient, of placing Jesus in the exalted position which belongs to Him. (*L'Evangile et L'Eglise*," pp. 21, 22.)

What, then, is historically the starting point? Jesus preached two things, "the hope of the kingdom," and, al-

though less openly, "Himself as the Messiah, the Son of God." Preaching to Jews, He must make Himself intelligible to Jews, and His whole life and teaching was in a Jewish form. But what did the kingdom mean? It meant simply the eschatological hope which was present to the Jewish mind. "The Kingdom of Heaven was at hand." The good times expected were coming, therefore let every man repent. "The dominant idea is visibly that of the kingdom that was coming, and repentance obtains its meaning in relation to the kingdom, in so far as it is the indispensable condition of being admitted to it." "The idea of the Kingdom of Heaven is simply a great hope, and it is in this hope that the historian should place the essence of the Gospel." This idea was presented under a form which was conditioned by the thoughts of the time. Its presentment was limited by the approaching belief in the end of the world. But it has been a living belief always capable of adapting itself to new conditions, dropping what was merely temporary and the result of the circumstances in which it came into existence:—

The kingdom is for all whom God pardons, and God pardons all provided that they pardon themselves. So the kingdom is for those who are good, following the pattern of God, and the Gospel, by making love the guiding principle of the present life, gives already a realization of the kingdom, the final coming of which will only mean the assurance of happiness and immortality for men who are inspired by the principles of Christian love. But the kingdom is properly this immortal happiness. Its roots are internal; it is placed as a precious germ in the soul of each believer; in this life, however, it is hidden, rudimentary, imperfect, and it awaits its perfection in the future. (*Ib.*, p. 44.)

Professor Harnack had made the essence of Christianity consist in the rev-

elation in Christ of God and the Father. Christ had not come to attach men to Himself, but to make them believe in the Fatherhood of God. If this be true, the whole of Christian history has been a mistake; and it is difficult to understand on ordinary principles of historical development how such a strange mistake could have arisen. But M. Loisy shows, no doubt correctly, that Professor Harnack has exalted into a primary fact what is quite clearly secondary. In fact, he is convinced that the text on which the German Professor relies is not part of the original teaching of our Lord, but has been added by Christian tradition. However that may be, the only fact which will explain the subsequent development of Christianity is that Christ was recognized, and desired to be recognized, as the Messiah, the Son of God.

According to the logic of faith, if the idea of the Kingdom of Heaven is real, the Gospel is divine, and God reveals himself in Christ. According to the logic of reason, if the idea of the kingdom is untenable, the Gospel comes to an end as a Divine revelation. Jesus is only a pious man who could not separate his piety from his dreams, and who died the victim of his mistake, rather than a servant of the truth that was in Him. For it is because He declared Himself to be the Messiah, and because He believed Himself to be such, that Jesus died on the Cross; it is not because He knew the goodness of the Father which is in Heaven, nor because He wished to demonstrate it by His death. He died because such was the will of the Father and because His death appeared to Him the providential condition of the final coming of that kingdom which He had preached. He applied to Himself the lesson which he gave to His disciples—"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it." On the eve of the Passion He presented to His disciples the Eucharistic bread and wine as a symbol of the death He was to un-

dergo, and at the same time as a pledge of the communion which would reunite Him with His own in the kingdom to come. He died then, as Messiah, filled with the idea of that kingdom of which He expected to inaugurate the fulfilment and in which He expected to live again in the glory of the Messiah. Such is the Christ of history; the true measure of His greatness need not be sought anywhere except in what He believed and wished to be. (*Ib.*, p. 102 f.)

And all this was true—true as the symbol, suited to the time, of an absolute truth—a truth which has been expressed since, first by the Apostles, then by the Church, in terms more suited to their age, and therefore also true.

The Jewish exterior of the Gospel was the human body of which the Spirit of Jesus was the Divine soul. But take away the body, and the soul will vanish in the air, like a light breath. Without the conception of the Messiah the Gospel would only have been a metaphysical possibility, an invisible essence, intangible, even unintelligible for want of any definition appropriate to our organs of knowledge, instead of a living and conquering reality. The Gospel always requires a body in order to be human. As it became the hope of the Christian people, some parts of the Jewish symbolism were corrected by interpretation. None the less, it remains the representation—remote, indeed, and always capable of being made more perfect, because always inadequate and insufficient—of the great mystery, God and the providential destiny of man and humanity. (*Ib.*, p. 106.)

We do not propose to follow M. Loisy further in his discussion of the Church, of Christian dogma, and the Catholic cult. It will be easy to understand the method in which each of these ideas could be treated, and the importance of the later chapters is quite secondary to these earlier ones. We have, we think, given a sufficient account to enable our readers to understand M.

Loisy's apologetic, or, as he would prefer to call it, his history. We do not propose to-day to offer any criticism, but to give some account of the remarkable book in which he has defended and explained a theory which was quite certain to be violently attacked without being altogether understood.

"Autour d'un Petit Livre" consists of seven letters addressed to various leading French ecclesiastics on the different questions which have been raised concerning the former book. It is preceded by a short preface (from which we have already made some extracts in our first article) written with a deep feeling, a suppressed emotion, and a trenchant criticism that we do not find in anything else that M. Loisy has produced. The persons to whom the letters are addressed are designated only by their titles; but we are informed that the Cardinal who is addressed on the question of Biblical criticism is Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, the bishop is Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of La Rochelle, the Archbishop addressed on the Divinity of our Lord is Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi. The last-named is M. Loisy's close friend, and, when the news of his condemnation was announced, he immediately left Rome without showing any act of courtesy to the Vatican, as a sign of his indignation. Others mentioned are the Abbé Félix Klein and M. François Thureau-Dangin.

It is impossible for us to discuss all the various points dealt with, and we will content ourselves with adding some further extracts on the question of the Divinity of our Lord. M. Loisy complains that he has been mistaken for a theologian and accused of writing bad theology. He assures us that he is only an historian. It is not quite possible to accept this explanation. If he does not write theology, he criticizes the sources and fixes the limitations of orthodox theology in a way which

trenches very closely on its borders. He complains of being held to have denied the Divinity of Christ. We noticed the other day a statement made in this country by a writer who ought to have known better that M. Loisy's views were Unitarian. On this point we must acquit him absolutely. Whether all his criticisms are right or not, whether his views are tenable, may be an open question; but that he believes devoutly the Divinity of Christ, and has a perfectly consistent theory on the subject, cannot be doubted. But we shall return again to this point.

Jesus Christ was God and Man; it is the human life M. Loisy wished to describe. As Jesus did not appear on earth with the attributes of his Divine nature, he could not, speaking as an historian, anticipate in the Gospel all the glory of the future. He described what he read. Jesus went about doing good because God was with Him. He was crucified, rose again the third day, and so became Christ the Lord. He preached repentance in view of the Kingdom of Heaven. His disciples knew before the Passion, and Jesus Himself had declared to His judges, that he was the Messiah promised to Israel. These were the historical facts from which the Christian doctrine had grown, and which, if they were true, as they were, were quite consistent with that doctrine. On the consciousness of Jesus M. Loisy writes:—

Jesus Himself lived upon earth in the consciousness of His humanity, and He spoke according to that consciousness; He lived in the consciousness of His Messianic calling. . . . Everything shows that Christ was man among men, like them in all things save only sin, and, one must also add, the inmost and indefinable mystery of His relation with God. ("Autour d'un Petit Livre," p. 116.)

What the consciousness of Jesus really was in His human life is something

which for the most part escapes the historian; but for all that it was not what the Councils have defined, for their doctrinal constructions have nothing psychological about them.

To ask the most earnest believer among the critics if Jesus in the course of His earthly life had any consciousness of being the eternal Word, consubstantial with the Father, is to set him a foolish question. The historian cannot see any signs that the human thought of Christ has been determined according to the categories of the Christian thought of the times posterior to the diffusion of the Fourth Gospel. (*Ib.*, p. 137.)

But for all that we must not suppose that the decrees of the Councils were untrue. They may have been only relatively true, but they expressed in the manner suitable to the ideas and thoughts of their own time the same truths that our Lord had Himself expressed in the language of those to whom He preached. The Church is for M. Loisy a living force and authority which is able to interpret its depository of truths for each age. It is not a mere storehouse of dried formulas which it dispenses to its children. It teaches each age in the language that belongs to it, and it is necessary now for it to revise its history and its doctrinal statements in accordance with modern psychology.

Is it not true that the theological idea of personality is abstract and metaphysical, whilst that idea has become in contemporary philosophy real and psychological? Does not what has been said according to the definitions of ancient philosophy need to be explained in accordance with the philosophy of to-day? (*Ib.*, p. 152.)

The London Times.

And here is his personal apology for his boldness:—

The gravity of the problem in no way escapes me, and I do not propose it without due reflection. . . . Truly it is not in this our country of France since the days of Renan that it is possible to astonish our readers, those, I mean, who are not ecclesiastical, by raising the most thorny of questions. Have not the problems of Christ and of God been solved on their own account, and all too quickly, alas! by those educated laymen of ours, who, baptized and educated in the Catholic Church, separate themselves from it when they have attained manhood because our religious teaching appears to them conceived in contempt of science and of history? Is it not doing something for them to show that we are not ignorant of their difficulties, that we do not treat with contempt their intellectual scruples, that we think of them and would like to make the road smooth which would lead them back to the fold? (*Ib.*, p. 150.)

The Abbé Loisy may have made mistakes; he may not be, and he certainly would not claim to be, infallible; his opinions and writings demand very careful and thorough criticism; but assuredly he is not disloyal either to his Church or to his Christ. It is because he believes so earnestly in the truth of Christianity that he has undertaken the task that he has found so difficult and so ungrateful. It is because he believes in Christ that he would have that belief stated in a way which would appeal to those who are no longer believers. It is because he believes in his Church that he considers it competent to do for the thought of the twentieth century what it accomplished for the age of the Councils.

THE GLAMOR OF HIGH ALTITUDES.

Scarcely a month passes without news of some mountaineering fatality, and in the summer and at holiday seasons the number of accidents is yearly on the increase. Not only the higher Alps, but even the more homely hills of our own country, have a share in the melancholy list. The reason is, no doubt, the increased popularity of the sport among all classes. Formerly it was the perquisite of a few, either people whose lot was cast in mountainous districts, or enthusiasts who could afford the money and time to seek a difficult and laborious form of pleasure. And being the preserve of a few, it was pursued with the caution and forethought which pioneering demands. But now that the mountains are better known, and climbing is a recognized science, some of the old caution can be relaxed, and, after the fashion of human nature, too much of it is dispensed with. People light-heartedly undertake ascents, neglecting the most ordinary precautions, and forgetting that mountaineering can never be a perfectly safe amusement. Even on the best known peaks, which are despised by eminent climbers as too staled for true sport, there is a chance of a thunder-storm or a fall of rocks, which may be the end of a practised mountaineer, quite apart from the dangers which must always attend those whose nerves or physique are unsuited for the game. But the popularity of mountaineering, in spite of the long tale of casualties, points to something perennially attractive in high altitudes, which makes even timid men forget the perils. It is part of the same attraction that the snow-fields of the Arctic Circle possess for explorers. And that such a mountain expedition as Colonel Younghusband's Tibetan Mission has for everybody with any imagination.

Take any dozen young and active men, and ask them where they would prefer to be at this moment, and the odds are that the general answer will be, "On the road to Lhasa." A mission into lowland jungles or across an African desert, though it might have far greater political significance, would not take an Englishman's fancy like the attempt to enter the highest and most mysterious country in the world. It is part of our Northern heritage, which even the lowlander of the North shares with the mountain-dweller elsewhere. The old cry of Paracelsus still rings in the ears of youth:—

Shall I still sit beside
Their dry wells, with a white lip and
filmed eye,
While in the distance Heaven is blue
above
Mountains where sleep the unsunned
tarns?

What is the reason of the fascination? Partly, no doubt, the mere hardness and danger of it, the sense of achieving something by one's own courage and endurance in defiance of Nature, who made the smooth valleys for men to dwell in and kept the hills for herself. Partly, also, that ingrained curiosity of man, which is perpetually seeking to look over hill-tops and discover the "something lost behind the ranges." Were there no climbing in the technical sense in it, mountaineering would have fewer votaries. There is a type of athlete to whom the climb is everything, and who is equally happy worming his way up some rock in Cumberland or Skye, where there can be no special object in getting to the top, as in pulling himself up to the needle of Skagastölstind or surmounting the last snows of Aconcagua. There is a great deal to be said for climbing for its own sake. Few sports are more refreshing and in-

vigorating to the man who has the bodily and mental strength for it. The senses are quickened, the nerves are at perpetual tension, the whole nature is absorbed in one task, and the intellectual *ennui* which the life of cities induces is driven out by such manly absorption. There is also in a high degree the pleasure of conquest, which may be measured by the difficulty of the task rather than by the relative importance of the summit. But that climbing is not the whole of the fascination of mountains is shown by the feeling, common to all except a few enthusiastic young men, that a climb is best when it forms also the only or the chief way to the summit. Otherwise a quarry in Derbyshire, which may give as difficult climbing as the Dolomites, would have to take rank with a great peak. The famous Crowberry Ridge on the Buachaille Etive loses much of its charm when we remember that the summit can be reached by an easy scramble from Glen Etive; and Ben Nevis would be a better mountain were there not twenty ways to the top for those who cannot ascend the steep southern face. The real attraction is the summit, and the higher and lonelier the summit the greater the attraction. It is well if the way up is hard; but to all save athletes the way up is not the chief thing.

The real glamor of high altitudes is found, not in the means of attaining them, but in their intrinsic character. There we have Nature pure and primeval, a sphere in which worldly ambitions and human effort have no part, a remnant of the world as first created. Every healthy man has in him a love of the wilds and the savage elements, a feeling which is not at war with the pleasure in homely scenes, in towns and gardens and lowland meadows, but complemental in human nature. It is a relic in civilized man of the primitive creature who first tried to adapt the

earth to human needs, or, it may be, some trace of that infinite within us which cannot content itself with the work of our hands, and hungers every now and again for the bare simplicity of Nature. High mountains give us Nature in its most elemental form,—snow, rock, wind, and sky, an austere world in which man counts for little; and in the realization of his insignificance there is much refreshment for the human soul. They have always been the chosen haunt of people who were not quite satisfied with life, not only estranged hermit souls like the author of "Obermann," but sane men who wished to get rid of the incubus of mundane cares and arrive at a clearer perspective. We have all in our own way written our hymns before sunrise, and—

Heard accents of the eternal
tongue

Through the pine branches play—
Listen'd, and felt ourselves grow
young.

But the mountains have not only loneliness, they have height. The world is stretched out beneath them, with its rivers shrunk to brooks, and its towns little patches of smoke and color. In a mountain view the ordinary world of men is brought close to the mind, but seems small and inconsiderable compared to the august spaces around. It is an illusion, but a priceless one, for by it a normal, healthy man can attain what the opium-eater gains from his disease, and look down from an immense height upon his fellows and their works, and achieve a supreme moment of detachment. In every man, as the saying goes, a poet died young; and not only a poet, but kings, prophets, and conquerors. But there are *revenants* from that past, and the most prosaic of men may find them on mountain-tops, and return with a clearer vision and a sturdier heart. "*Eternité, deviens mon asile*" was the cry of Senancour. That way

madness lies, for no disease so dominates and absorbs the soul as the disease of "immensity." But to a sane man there is value in that exaltation of the spirit which high altitudes give,

The Spectator.

when, so to speak, Nature lifts a corner of the curtain, and shows us a cosmos in which our life plays but a little part.

THE ILLUSION OF BEING BUSY.

No more irritating social nuisances exist than the people who delight in speaking of themselves as "being so busy," as "never having a minute to spare for anything." Our fussy age is prolific of this sort. A ridiculous notion is common that we live in a time when there are more important world affairs on hand than have ever been known before; and there are silly people, both men and women, who fancy that the proof of this is that there never was an age so busy as ours and where so much time was taken up in doing so many different things. Then of course they easily go on to argue that the busier they themselves are the more they share in world importance and shine by comparison with other people. They expect to be admired for a useless expenditure of their nervous and physical energies on all sorts of absolutely foolish objects into which no particle of intellect enters. Simply to be always busy, always occupied, always doing something, passing restlessly from one piece of work to another, to have their hands full, never to be idle, as they say, seems to be their ideal of life. They use no discrimination as to the relative values of the things which they feel they must do. All objects are jumbled up together in their minds quite unclassified in a scale of importance. So long as they can hit upon a device which will devour a certain amount of their time, and enable them to flatter themselves that they are do-

ing something, are "not wasting their time in doing nothing" as they call it, they are complacently self-satisfied. No matter to them that half the things they do would be as well left undone; indeed a great deal better. They are like the restless animals at the Zoo and their activity has just as little real purpose and meaning in it. It is not for amusement, not for profit, not for utility; it is due to nothing but a stupid, mechanical habit arising out of a morbid state of nerves. Indeed it is one of the symptoms of that prevalent disease of society amongst small-brained people who live in the midst of machinery and scientific ideas and appliances far beyond their understanding or almost of appreciation in any real sense. So much mechanism has been put into their hands that they must always be using it whether there is any need of it or not.

One of this class of persons will have a craze for writing letters whenever he has a few minutes unoccupied, say between dressing for dinner and going in. Nobody is really wanting his letters; there is no reason for writing: the recipient will probably think the letter a bore and certainly the necessity, out of politeness, of replying will irritate him. The man with the craze of filling up his time with writing letters must know this; but he has not sufficient control over his senseless habit to stop it. And so he goes on inflicting himself and his letters on peo-

ple who, unless they belong to the same type of busy marionettes as himself, have quite enough to do with real business without the burden of answering needless letters. The telegraph and the telephone are other mechanical means besides the use of pen, ink and paper which this class of social pests have dragged into their service for the purpose of producing a self-generated illusion, which they in their vanity hope to impress upon others, that they are seriously busy. This is the sort of man or woman who has never time for anything; neither for quiet, steady, serious reading nor for restful conversation, nor the deliberate discussion of any subject requiring thought and continued attention even if it be only for a few minutes. You will never get these feather-heads who are always busy doing nothing to settle down long enough for that. In the midst of a conversation on business, some arrangement as to work they are to do, you will find that they "have not time" to wait until the affair has been properly threshed out. They get uneasy because they are "doing nothing" as they put it; they are eager to be away to something else in the belief that "they are so very busy that they have not a moment to spare." This species of monomaniac will every day read a jumble of speeches, articles, and miscellaneous scraps of all sorts on, say, the fiscal controversy; but if he were asked to spend an hour or two in a real serious study of the "Wealth of Nations," his all-sufficient answer to himself would be that he had no time to spend over books and that he was too busy.

There is the member of Parliament who must always be making speeches. It does not seem to occur to him that a considerably less amount of speaking on subjects he does not and has never tried to understand, and more time spent on the preliminary acquirement of information, would correspond more

nearly to real business. No! he is too busy in his sense of the word; he has no time to waste in reflection; study and the calm digestion of material which being accomplished might make his opinion of some value are not taken into account in his plan of action. It does not matter so long as the windmill is going whether it is in fact grinding meal or not; the all-desired thing is to have plenty of wind and plenty of sail; for this induces a pleasant sense of doing something and of being really busy. We get the same kind of feeling amongst people who teach, and those who prepare syllabuses of class work and examinations. Progress in education according to them is in proportion to the number of subjects and the rapidity in passing from one to another. The educationist of this pattern has really not a minute to spare to think about education. He cannot waste time on that: it is doing nothing. Whatever such people, "who are so busy," are engaged in they never do well what they really ought to do. It is as they say—they have not the time for real work because they are always in a hurry to get away to something else. Their fussy excitement prevents them from observing any sense of proportion and perspective in the various objects they hurry after; and so everything is jumbled up together and produces a mental confusion which is mistaken for business: an obfuscation which is very ridiculous and very irritating because so much merit is claimed for it.

These precious muddlers, who plume themselves on never being idle, pass their time doing useless things under the pretext of being busy; and they assume credit for a purposeless activity. They are as busy as, according to the Yorkshire saying, the wife who hanged herself with her own dish-clout. She doubtless believed herself more meritorious than her less restless neighbors; and called them idlers and wasters of

time who never, like her, were too busy to have a minute to spare. The biggest people, those who have really thought out their plan of life, do not make the mistake of doing what need not be done. They have time for everything because they do not imagine they are economizing time by occupying every spare few minutes in being unnecessarily busy—often in letter-writing (painful experience makes us harp on that theme); a nuisance which ought to be prohibited in the name of ordinary humanity. Then we are told, as if the proposition could not be disputed, that it is this constant busyness which shows how much profounder and wider and generally more civilized are our days than those wherever people were not so fully occupied. Idle delusion! Most of the things we do, may, as a poet of our youth now gone out of fashion said, "require the vigorous hand of steadfast application"; but they certainly "leave no deep, improving traces

The Saturday Review.

on the mind"; and in fact the brains of most people may be gauged as inversely to the amount of credit they claim for being "busy." Montaigne has reflections à propos of the hare-brained people whose vanity—it is mostly that—sets them always on doing something. "Had I been put to the management of great affairs, I should have made it seen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate and manage your life, you have performed the greatest work of all. Have you known how to regulate your conduct, you have done a great deal more than he who has composed books. Have you known how to take repose, you have done more than he who has taken empires and cities." Montaigne had the Greek notion of the intellectual and moral value of "leisure"; but what do the fidgety people who are never in repose, are always busy, and have no time to spare, know of this?

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.

After a long life of kindness, industry, usefulness and honor, Leslie Stephen died in the morning of Monday last. He is a great loss, for whether as a man of letters or as "Leslie" there is no one to take his place. Good and clever men there are in plenty, but vacancy is where he stood, and it will remain vacancy as long as his contemporaries are alive to turn their eyes to it. Yet his death must be least grievous to those who, knowing him best, loved him most. Love is a word which certain rugged but intelligible prejudices are always at hand to suppress when men speak of men; and it so happened that though Leslie Stephen chose to live a life of comparative retirement, though he had a sufficient share of a

strong family dislike of being considered "a man of feeling," none of his many friends were able to stop at friendship for him: the sentiment went straightway on to affection. By so much the more had it become a grieved friendship for some years before Monday of this week, for though his later days were increasingly illustrious, and more gratifying to himself (we must suppose) as amplifying the account of good work done, there was but little joy in them; and at length, and for a long time, he knew what a nearly hopeless state of physical distress may do against a patient, steady-minded, courageous man. He was of that sort, but such qualities may be attended by extreme

sensitiveness out of view though not far in the background; and in that case when time brings its bereavements, and when they come sharply, quickly, and out of the order of nature, as one may say, this world is not much of a stage to linger on, at three score years and ten, in cureless physical pain. This was Leslie Stephen's fortune at the last, though he never gave way to it; yet of one thing he could complain—the deafness which not only cut him off so largely from the conversation of his friends but made him, as he thought, troublesome to them. Against all the rest, work was his stay and refuge; and if we may judge by results, his daily stint was rather enlarged than diminished, his application to it rather more than less vigorous, while its products showed no sign of shared attention, a lowered spirit, or a feebler grasp.

The inabilities which were a check upon Stephen's genius in childhood are recalled to mind by the disablements which were not suffered to prevail when he became old in years. Genius is the word I have used; it will not be allowed to him in the high literary sense, but only as it may signify the possession of an individual mind, self-speaking and of distinct formation. But genius was the word for him in his early boyhood, by common consent in the Stephen family and its familiars. In his humorous, self-deprecatory way, this is what he says of it in his *Life of his brother Fitzjames*. "In 1840 my mother observed certain peculiarities in me, which she took at first for indications of precocious genius. After a time, however, she consulted an eminent physician, who informed her that they were really symptoms of a disordered circulation. He added that I was in a fair way to become feeble in mind and deformed in body, and strongly advised that I should be sent to school, where my brain would be in

less danger of injudicious stimulation." It may be believed (speaking by the book and not on speculation) that in this passage Stephen "played it low down" upon himself rather, as his humor ever was and as the particular occasion seemed to demand. Expanded to its right dimensions the truth was that a family which on one line of descent or another from the Aberdeenshire James Stephen, had shown extraordinary gifts of intellectual vigor and sensibility (though not always well compounded and governed) seemed to have flowered into poetic genius. The readers of Sir Leslie's story of the Stephens, in their various branches, from the time of the seven stalwart sons of the first-known James, will find in them a predominance of strong, elemental, unharmonized characteristics quite likely to conform to the production of such a genius in due time. In his childhood, Leslie Stephen was thought to be this product, much as Hartley Coleridge was at the same age, though in a more secluded, more silent and less confident circle. And it is more than likely that the doctor was deceived, good as his advice was; for the display of the unsuspected existence of strong and orderly imaginative faculties in children is no very uncommon thing and not at all disproved by their disappearance either through complete exhaustion or partial absorption and diffusion. This explanation is probable in Stephen's case. So far as he knew, or that has been discovered for him, he did not grow up to be a poet, though it is a most credible saying that no true critic of art or literature or life is without some measure of the makings of a poet.

What Stephen did become need not be expounded for the readers of *The Pilot*. His career can hardly be described as so "inevitable" as a newer and another sort of criticism than his own must needs endeavor to make out.

Although, no doubt, both faculties and temperament did turn to the course for which they were most eminently fitted, it was not at any rate with precipitation. In 1863, for him a date of new departure, he had been for nine years "an efficient and popular Cambridge don," thoroughly identifying himself with the traditions of his college and forming cordial intimacies with the ablest resident members of the University. The genius of the place and time, the newer currents of thought and speculation as represented by Mill, Spencer, Darwin, the newer spirit of Liberalism in politics which would now be called "thoughtful," as in fact it was, were thoroughly congenial to him, and by the end of the nine years led to some effective consequences. His tutorial fellowship at Trinity Hall had carried with it the obligation of taking holy orders. "Stephen experienced no misgivings on ordination." (As to this matter, I prefer to choose the words of his friendly, but not too friendly biographer in the *Times*.) But in 1863 "Stephen was conscientiously impelled by his intellectual development to take a step which seemed at the moment to imperil his fortunes. He resolved to abandon holy orders," to the loss of his fellowship. He avowed that his departure from the Church was no great distress to him; he found that he had entered it with a too uninquiring mind. He was an agnostic, and so remained without a moment's vacillation or a moment's bitterness to the last. The Church being done with, there was a time when it seemed that he might pass into a political career, as his friend Fawcett had, and in the same field, but soon found, as I can but think he half suspected from the first, that here was no endurable pursuit for him. The next turning led to literature, and he passed on to it, most happily and with ever-increasing honor and success; though there was one mistake which

he had plentiful reason to regret, however much we may have profited by it.

Like many others, Stephen found his way to literature as a profession through journalism; at that time a more inviting pursuit to the man who wished to make his voice heard than ever it was before, and far more, certainly, than it has since become. Not that Stephen had much to say in public affairs. He had in him a firm body of Liberal doctrine, such as became a man so perceptive, discriminating and humane, but I do not know that after 1865 he ever imparted it to the public press in set form. Like the poetic inspiration of his childhood, it passed in diffusion into his ethical, historical and literary criticism advantageously. The *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* were the journals in which he wrote (exclusively, I believe), his themes being literary and social (or both in one), such sports as stand foremost at the Universities, and, above all, in that way mountaineering. In Switzerland, as I found out for myself, he had a reputation precisely corresponding with that which was given to him at home: admiration touched with endearment was his portion, there as here. To a common friend and member of the Alpine Club I was indebted for the information that Stephen walked from Alp to Alp like a pair of 1-inch compasses over a large-sized map. As a writer in those days, his humor was his predominant characteristic: humor with just enough bite in it at all times, and for the rest keen, buoyant, illuminating, and apparently as effortless as the springing of a fountain. That quality too, remained in his writing to the last—but again in diffusion. I believe myself able to say that even in that good time for journalism there was no more welcome "contributor" than Leslie Stephen. He was never more disappointing than coin of the realm. The sensation of the

editor when he broke open an envelope and caught a glimpse of Stephen's neat, small handwriting in the customary long lines was as that of the man who spies a bright bank-note in a similar situation. The one regret was that he did not write often enough, and that he ceased to be a contributor so soon.

Stephen refrained from journalism altogether, I fancy, when he took the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1871. From that time he became more publicly, and with ever-growing distinction a man of letters. That, however, he might have become with an equal meed of "approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley," without being so beneficent a writer as he was in whatever field of labor his pen moved. To

The Pilot

philosophy, to biography, to the criticism of character, to *belles-lettres* disquisition—no matter what—he not only paid his dues in strength, clearness, and grace of diction, but wrought in conspicuously all the moralities of literary workmanship. Much might be said on that point, and should be said: for there we see a merit by no means common, yet always, where it does appear, of great and much-needed effect. But I have already over-run my allotted space, and can only add this. The character of Leslie Stephen, being as well worth knowing as his work, see a likeness of it drawn by that sure hand, George Meredith's, in "The Egoist": Vernon Whitford.

Frederick Greenwood.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Herbert Spencer's autobiography is definitely promised by the Appletons for March 25.

These are days when the publishers are hurrying out new books upon the far East and new editions of old books. The Macmillans announce new editions of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan," Mr. Gerrare's "Greater Russia," and Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun's "The Mastery of the Pacific."

Little, Brown & Co. announce a collection of short stories by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the well-known Polish author. These stories have been translated by Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of the author's earlier works. The title of the book is "Life and Death and other Legends and Stories." The title story is the author's latest work.

The tenth volume of Mr. Archer Butler Hulbert's series of monographs upon

Historic Highways of America is devoted to the Cumberland Road. This road, the first and only road constructed under the auspices of the national government was authorized in 1806, begun in 1811 and completed in 1818. It extended seven hundred miles from Cumberland on the Potomac to Wheeling on the Ohio. It is difficult now when four or five great transcontinental railway systems divide among them an enormous traffic, and the western as well as the eastern states are gridironed with railways to realize all that the Cumberland road meant in the first half of the last century to the energetic settlers and traders to whom it furnished a thoroughfare. Mr. Hulbert has gathered the materials for his monograph from contemporary narratives and records, and has woven them into a volume of moderate compass but great interest. The reproduction of three maps of the years 1749, 1766 and 1804 affords an opportunity for instructive comparisons. The Arthur H. Clark Company.

PASSING.

We dwindle down beneath the skies,
 And from ourselves we pass away:
 The paradise of memories
 Grows ever fainter day by day.
 The shepherd stars have shrunk within,
 The world's great night will soon begin.

Will no one, ere it is too late,
 Ere fades the last memorial gleam,
 Recall for us our earlier state?
 For nothing but so vast a dream
 That it would scale the steep of air
 Could rouse us from our vast despair.

A. E.

THE QUEST.

Not as a king in regal robes love came
 With crown and sceptre, neither with
 the blare,
 And fanfare of loud trumpets on the
 air,
 As when a victor leaps to sudden fame.
 Nor in the halls of learning was love's
 name
 Inscrolled within some old palimpsest
 rare,
 Only the semblance of the script was
 there,
 Faintly illumined by the sacred flame.
 But in a quiet spot, a native clime,
 When twilight shadows lay along the
 slope,—
 Unsought, yet found, appeared Love's
 face sublime,
 And it was fair beyond all mortal hope.
 So now there is no need to search and
 grope
 For Love transcends the bounds of
 space and time.

C. D. W.

THE RETURN OF THE MAGI.

("They departed into their own country another way.")

Quoth Caspar: "We have found the
 Place. Why tread
 The long road o'er again? We who
 were dead,
 Need we return where roses bloom and
 fall,
 And all life's petals are in darkness
 shed?"

Here would I stay, a tireless worship-
 per,
 Here where I laid life's gift, the golden
 myrrh.
 Youth needs God most, and every path
 I dread
 That points me hence, the way of whip-
 and spur."

Swart Balthazár replied: "Didst thou
 not note
 The setting of God's Star, nor watch it
 float
 Gladly on Nature's round, no cloud to
 blur.
 So man to duty must himself devote.

We must retake the road. Even now
 a cry
 Sounds from the East—"To tarry is to-
 die";
 Even now my incense with its mist
 and mote
 Darkens the gladness of the cradling
 sky.

But Melchoir, ripe in wisdom and in
 years,
 Cried: "Youth and manhood, vain alike—
 your fears!
 Where the Gleam leads the golden goal
 must lie.
 Turn not, nor tarry at all. The path
 of tears,

The Westward path that brings us East
 again,
 The Way of Christ, the thorny road of
 pain,
 This we must follow till at last appears
 Our Land of Roses and our sunlit
 plain."

So Westward they pursued, and still
 pursue,
 The painful quest, and ever seek to-
 view,
 From height to height, the home they
 mean to gain;
 But ever find the landscape sad and
 new.

Yet somewhere West the East is break-
 ing through.

J. E. G. de Montmorency.

The Spectator.